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TORONTO, APRIL, 1932

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THE PARLIAMENTARY SESSION

SELDOM has a session of Parliament been more completely futile than the present one up to date.

The Speech from the Throne said nothing whatever, and it is clear by this time that the government has no policy on most of the great problems which face it. On unemployment it wants to be left free to improvise as it goes along. It will, of course, be forced to adopt the much-abused 'dole', because its supposed plans of providing work for everybody have been totally inadequate and can no longer be financed. But it will be easier to 'save face' if this is done after Parliament has risen. On its policy for the coming Imperial Conference—the next most important problem to be met—the government is equally mum. The emergency in the relations between Dominion and Provinces arising out of the acute distress in the West is another question on which the public needs enlightenment. But Mr. Bennett does not want it discussed, and all that can be discovered is that Provinces with Conservative governments find it easier to get assistance from Ottawa. The shameful way by which a little masterly inactivity on the part of the Dominion government forced the Manitoba provincial savings bank to close its doors needs investigating. Behind all other questions looms up the problem of the C.N.R. Here the government has a policy and a very definite one, but it is not one that can be carried out successfully if the public is given time to discuss it. So it will not be introduced until the fag end of the session.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

THE news from England makes it clear that the British delegation which comes to Ottawa this July is going to be thoroughly equipped for its task. One only needs to read the English journals to see that the English public is being much better educated on the problems that face the statesmen of the Empire than is the Canadian. It is, however, gradually dawning upon a growing number of our Conservative journals that the gesture of our paper British preference will not be enough for this Conference; it was worked for all it was worth in 1930, and our Prime Minister will need to have something better this time. If we are going to ask for favours in the English market we must be prepared to offer something tangible in the Canadian market in return. What are we prepared to offer? No sign has come out of Ottawa as yet that our government has recon-

sidered its impossible 1930 position. The Canadian Manufacturers' Association is said to be engaged in research on the question. The research of the C.M.A. has hitherto not got beyond the compiling of detailed statistics concerning the amount of campaign funds necessary to raise a given tariff schedule; and they are not likely to be much more helpful on this occasion. But it is an interesting commentary on the purely personal character of our government that the manufacturers are said to be trembling in their shoes lest, in spite of all their contributions, the Prime Minister may suddenly decide, on his own arbitrary discretion, to make tariff concessions to Britain after all.

CAESAR ET IMPERATOR

MR. BENNETT, with his outbursts of childish egotism, is becoming more like one of the Roman emperors every day. First came his determination to punish poor Mr. Gordon for his slanders about the Imperial family. Perhaps the chance to show up a Liberal ex-Cabinet minister was too good to be missed; but, after all, the mud slung by the Gordons and Hepburns and other Liberals of their ilk does no one any harm any more. A simple denial was all that was needed. More significant was the reception of the unemployed delegation, with praetorian guards patrolling the forum and protecting the senate house, and cavalry stationed in reserve. Worst of all was the outburst of petty tyranny on the occasion of Mr. Woodsworth's bill to abolish Section 98. At first this looked like a piece of mere cheap theatricalism for the benefit of the mob. But it now appears that Caesar had received anonymous threatening letters, and the sanctity of his own life made him forget all the ordinary courtesies of parliamentary procedure. Mr. Woodsworth, in fact, was unwittingly guilty of the crime of *lesé majesté*. Public protests do not appear to reach Mr. Bennett any longer. But is there no one in the Imperial entourage who has the courage to offer him a little sound advice that might help him to maintain his sense of balance?

THE POT SIMMERS

THERE is no more promising sign in all Canada today than the growing political consciousness of the man in the street. Like his American cousin, the average Canadian in the 'good old days' was simply not interested in abstract, fundamental, social, and political questions. Depression cannot be so ill a wind

if it forces the Canadian to think as he never thought before. Conventions, congresses, conferences; United Front, U.F.A., Socialist Party of Ontario, League for Social Reconstruction; these and other watchwords pass from mouth to mouth in windswept homesteads on the prairies, in smoking-compartments on trains, where down-at-heel drummers have taken to talking about nationalization of the banks, and the equal wage, instead of the price of mining stocks. Toronto furnishes an interesting example of a process which is going on simultaneously in every city, town, and hamlet in the Dominion. Half a dozen left wing movements have got under way there during the present winter. Some of them are workers' parties in embryo and others more bourgeois in their make-up. Even the students at the University have founded an enthusiastic radical group and are publishing their own paper. When the Canadian student begins to think about politics instead of merely learning to be a good Babbitt like his dad it is surely a sign and a portent. Of course a lot of this unaccustomed thinking is immature and woolly. Much of it is mixed up with a vague religiosity, but the point is that thinking has begun. And that thinking is revolutionary thinking. It will change Canada one day and make it a better country to live in. In Ottawa several hundred well-meaning persons sit and legislate for the people whom they were elected to represent in 1930. They did represent them in 1930, but they no more represent the new, thinking Canadians than they do the hypothetical inhabitants of the planet Mars.

IDEALISM BEHIND THE BARS

THE trial and subsequent appeal of the Toronto Communists is now over; they have been shipped off to Kingston penitentiary where six of them will languish for five years, and one for two. At the end of their sentence all except the Canadian-born Malcolm Bruce will be deported. 'And now,' says the right-thinking, patriotic press, 'now that that is all over, leave the Reds to rot and let's talk about prosperity and the new Ford.' Unfortunately an unfamiliar monster called public conscience seems to concern itself about the matter. People want to know why six men who have committed no overt act, who have not even planned any overt act against the State, should be treated with a severity which is usually reserved for thugs and safe-blowers. People want to know where the lightning is going to strike next. The answer to that is easy. Any group or party which seeks to organize the unemployed and leads them to protest against the miserable and shiftless injustice with which they are being treated will feel the full force of Section 98 at once. That was the great crime of the Communist Party of Canada, not their affiliation with the Third International, not their possession of Marxist literature nor their use of terms like 'class-war' and 'revolution'. They dared what no other party dared, to get the unemployed to stand up for themselves—and it should be remembered to their credit. The public conscience is bothered by at least one other anomaly. Why is it that Canada is the only country that refuses to grant special treatment to political prisoners? Even Fascist Poland, even the Balkan kingdoms do not deprive their radical convicts of books and writing materials, and force them to consort with bandits, rapers, and stockbrokers.

SECTION 98

THE seven Communist leaders are in Kingston penitentiary and for the moment there is nothing to be done about it. Let us leave these misguided idealists, who were so wrong-headed as to take their idealism seriously, instead of reserving it for Sundays from eleven a.m. till twelve-fifteen, like sensible folk, and turn to the question of the law under which they were convicted. Something can be done about the law. The two recent onslaughts in the Dominion Parliament have shown that, to the surprise and chagrin of the Government. In his first attack, Mr. Woodsworth, with more courage than sense, endeavoured simply to reintroduce a motion for repeal. Such a motion had successfully passed the Commons on several occasions during the Liberal regime, but we now have the privilege of living under a Conservative regime and one which gets a fit of the jitters every time the words 'social unrest' are mentioned. Mr. Bennett bellowed a hysterical 'Nay', and the bill was not even allowed a first reading. Mr. Woodsworth came back to the attack a few days later with a more strategic motion. Abandoning all thought of repeal he sought merely to amend those paragraphs of the act which threaten the non-Communist just as menacingly as the Communist. Again a chorus of 'Nays' from the Government benches, but when the division bells clanged five Conservative members filed out to vote for the motion. There are several morals to this story. One is that protests from electors, if they are numerous enough and vigorous enough, will influence even Conservative M.P.'s. The other is that the Prime Minister in fighting so passionately for this piece of tyrannous legislation is playing with fire. He should take a lesson from Ireland. No single factor contributed more surely to the defeat of the Cosgrave Administration than the notorious Public Safety Acts. There will be an election in this country some day, and in the meantime the fight against Section 98 must continue.

TEETH IN THE LEAGUE

MORE than anything else which has happened since the World War, the Shanghai imbroglio has revealed the gravity of those difficulties which face the world in its effort to find an effective and acceptable substitute for war. Even those who lifted up a cry of disappointment at the failure of the League of Nations to take strong action at the beginning are coming to appreciate the nature of the circumstances which made such action almost impossible. Especially it is becoming clear that the sanctions of the League, which have so often been denounced as inadequate, are on the contrary too drastic for their use to be risked in the present divided state of world opinion. By Article 16 of the Covenant, a nation which resorts to war in disregard of the Covenant is held to have committed an act of war against all members of the League, and this automatically involves the severance of all trade or financial relations with the offending state, with the possibility of a blockade or even armed pressure in the background. But this first step is in itself too much to ask at present. Though 'the members of the League agree that they will mutually support one another in the financial and economic measures which are taken under this article, in order to minimize the loss and inconvenience resulting from

the above measures,' that result is often impossible of achievement. In many cases there is one nation which will suffer above the rest, or which is exposed to particular reprisals. In the present case it is the United States. The United States, even if a member of the League, would strongly object to paying the lion's share of the price involved in checking Japan—a price which might involve actual warfare with her own unaided forces. It is not surprising that she should shrink from these possibilities. Any other nation, placed in the same position, would feel much the same. In such a situation, it looks as though the sole sanction which the League can count on is that of world opinion; and by the time that world opinion makes possible more definite measures, the growth of such opinion may very well have such an effect as to make those measures unnecessary.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

THE noble altruism which has been awakened in so many breasts by the present plight in China has had no more remarkable expression than that given to it by a Conservative morning paper in Toronto. Speaking editorially, this devoted and high-souled journal called upon the world to step in and save China from her own misfortunes. It pointed, more in sorrow than in anger, to the chaotic conditions which deprived the Chinese of the inestimable blessing of being able to purchase those products which Western nations, in their overflowing benevolence, are yearning to provide them with. It expressed its profound regret—one could almost hear the editorial sigh—at the inability of the Chinese, along with the Irish and the Indians, to manage their own affairs. And it suggested that if the Western world would generously step in and remedy this situation, the restoration of order within China would lead to a revival of markets for Western goods, and an Oriental millennium might thus be achieved. The only flaw in the idyllic picture was the regretful acknowledgment that Britain, busied as she was with certain pressing problems, might be unable—however willing—to undertake the task single-handed; but though nations of lesser genius might be associated with her in the work of uplift, it was clear that England, with her great work in India as a model, would be the leading spirit in this altruistic crusade on behalf of four hundred million potential customers. It was an impressive appeal. Under its stimulus, one looks at India; one looks at our stalwart imperialists; and then one looks at China, and tries to fuse these three glimpses into one composite picture. The process is one which supplies sufficient matter for reflection to pass even the dullest evening.

THE FISHERMAN OF COCHEREL

WITH the death of Aristide Briand, France loses another statesman of a generation which produced many picturesque and vigorous types. Of that brood only Poincaré and Millerand remain, the one a sick man and the other a political invalid who will never recover from the thrashing he received in 1924. The career of Briand conforms pretty closely to the accepted standard. Beginning as a deputy of the left, next winning his ministerial spurs soon after his election to the Chamber by his inspiring lead against the forces of clericalism, he soon followed the opportunist path which leads so many French poli-

ticians away from the compromising atmosphere of the Left to more 'respectable' company in the Centre. Clemenceau and Laval are examples of that cynical drift which has almost become a tradition. Briand's real chance is supposed to have come shortly after the War, when he slipped into the Foreign Office, barricaded the door and withstood every effort to oust him almost to the day of his death. Such a long reign at the Quai d'Orsay presupposes an alarming capacity for compromise, and indeed Briand was far from being the ideal 'good European' and apostle of international understanding which his admirers pretend. If he cooed with Stresemann at Thoiry and had a hand in Locarno and a partnership in the Briand-Kellogg Pacts, it is also true that he was almost as much the man of the Ruhr disgrace as Poincaré and that he helped to frame the secret naval agreement with the British Tories. This man of peace could never bring his country to satisfactory terms with Italy and he was in a large measure responsible for the present French attitude of hostility towards the Soviet Union. When it came to the test Briand always turned out to be a good Frenchman and that is not what the World is looking for.

FEDERATION OF ONTARIO NATURALISTS

AMONG the provinces, Ontario has the greatest need for an active and intelligent policy of nature preservation, but despite a fairly widespread public interest in such things as sanctuaries and protective legislation, she has been less active in wise planning than almost any of the others. A year ago the Legislature appointed a Special Game Committee to enquire into conditions and to formulate a policy. The innocent members of the nature-loving public hoped that this might be an important forward step, but so far we have heard nothing of the committee except that its members spent last summer in making pleasant trips in certain parts of the north country. A much more important step towards the preservation of natural beauty and the wild life of the province is the recent organization of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists. Its membership consists of natural history societies, and of individual naturalists and nature lovers; and it has just issued a pamphlet outlining its principles and its immediate objectives. The pamphlet is of further interest because the bulk of it is a reprint of a number of 'Representations' laid before the Committee mentioned above. In brief, the Federation stands for two things; the preservation of natural beauty and wild life as far as is consistent with the advance of civilization, and the right of every citizen to enjoy these things in his own way in so far as he does not curtail the enjoyment of others. Behind such principles, all but the most selfish—whether sportsmen, scientists, artists, or tourists—can place themselves enthusiastically. The first means which the Federation advocates to achieve these ends are the early establishment of numerous and widely spread sanctuaries, and the appointment of a board of experts whose combined knowledge would be always available to the Legislature. In regard to such sanctuaries, it is pointed out, on the one hand, that a number of birds and animals are on the point of extinction despite closed seasons and bag limits, and on the other, that every county in Ontario has extensive waste areas which could be turned into preserves with economic advantage. With

sufficient sanctuaries scattered throughout the breeding, migratory, and wintering ranges, no species need fear extermination no matter how harried outside their boundaries. The need for expert opinion on all matters pertaining to the preservation or control of wild life is obvious to anyone with the least knowledge of the amazingly intricate relationships of all living things. The Federation has undertaken an important and urgent work and it is to be hoped that it will receive the active support of that very large proportion of the public which finds pleasure in natural surroundings and all forms of wild life.

A CRY HEARD IN EUROPE

He pressed his fingers deep into his ears,
Trying desperately to shut his mind,
And howled 'Peace,
Be still, interminable chaos of idiots,
Verbosities of dotard rulers,
Frenzy of youth waiting for slaughter
Like animals, but more capable of fear,
Murmurs of war, straws in the wind of revolution,
Riderless horses of death
That we see veering down on us
And do nothing, being incompetent.

'I have no strength to live and think,
No slave's numbness to acquiesce
In the increasing crisis
Of machines gone mad.
I am sick with terror,
Sick of the endless agitated self
That they have made me—
Procreated in confusion
For no destiny beyond confusion
A being without hope
Or whose hope is only that the crash of it
Should be abrupt.

'I must run gibbering into battle,
Doubting my own right hand,
Abrogating man's godlike confidence in man;
Or reject the hysteria of a life
That murderous fathers gave me,
Being no longer man enough to sleep,
No more a glorious fool
To dream of stable things.'

LESLIE BISHOP



THE coming Imperial Economic Conference will no doubt be the occasion of a good many books about the Empire. It may be doubted whether a better one is likely to appear than the recently published study by a shrewd and well-informed American observer, Professor W. Y. Elliott of Harvard. Professor Elliott is an American Rhodes Scholar who has made himself learned in all the documentary material upon the Empire; and he has also done a good deal of that research in which American students of government have become so proficient and which consists in finding out what the men behind the scenes are doing and thinking. His book, *The New British Empire*,* contains in substance the lectures he delivered at the Lowell Institute about a year ago. It is a survey of the whole Imperial problem as it faces His Majesty's Government in Great Britain. Starting with the royal coat of arms, he takes that mythical animal, the unicorn, as symbolical of the subtle and somewhat incomprehensible relationships that have grown up between the United Kingdom and the Dominions. Then he turns to the lion and takes up the dependent parts of the Empire where the authority of the lion is still a real one; and from there he goes on to discuss those parts of the world which lie in 'the Lion's Shadow'—Egypt, Persia, Iraq, Palestine, etc. — the parts covered by Sir Austen Chamberlain's British Monroe Doctrine of 1928. The main question which he poses is whether the British experiment, based upon the economic system of capitalism, can solve the problems of national, class, and racial cooperation in the complex difficulties of the modern world. He professes himself an optimist about this; but it must be confessed that his very realistic analysis of the difficulties in each particular case does not conduce to optimism in the reader's mind.

* * *

PERHAPS the most useful part of the book for Canadian readers is that which contains the analysis of how the white man's burden is being borne in those Asiatic and African parts of the world with which we are not very well acquainted. Canadians as a whole have remained, in spite of the world war, blissfully unconscious of what other people are talking about when they mention the word 'imperialism.' Even the adventures of some of our financial leaders in the Caribbean and in Central and South America have not affected our thinking. Our own imperialism has largely taken the form of expansion westward into an empty half-continent; and most of us are still unaware that we fought the War to make the world safe for British investments rather than for British democracy.

Mr. Elliott gives an illuminating analysis of what the dependent part of the Empire means to British

* *THE NEW BRITISH EMPIRE*, by W. Y. Elliott (The McGraw-Hill Book Co.; pp. 519; \$5.00).

capitalism. He takes us to the Malay states, who export more per capita than New Zealand or Canada, and whose economy is entirely under British control. He shows what the effect of Indian nationalism might be upon Lancashire cotton; how it might injure British coastal shipping in India, or interfere with the jute monopoly possessed by a group of Scottish merchants upon the Hoogly. He discusses how Britain might use the influence of the native princes and of the Moslem seventy million as a counterweight against this nationalist force. He shows how in the Mandates a sheltered market for British goods can be obtained by retaining all purchases on public account in the hands of Crown agents in London, and how British industry can be fertilized by colonial or mandate loans floated in London and guaranteed by the British Treasury. He discusses the colour question in Africa and points out that, unless the blacks are left with enough land, they are doomed to serfdom of one sort or another to the whites; and he wonders how long Great Britain will be able to afford the luxury of conscience and to insist on protecting the natives as if they had vested interests in the riches of Africa. He shows how a practical economic control is being maintained over the countries in the lion's shadow, combined with a formal political autonomy. All this discussion is the more effective because there is no denunciation, and the real services rendered by British control are fully recognized.

On the whole Mr. Elliott seems to feel that Britain controls more resources in this dependent Empire than she can effectively develop by herself. He constantly reiterates the point that her ultimate interests lie in world rationalization of production on some system that will forestall future world wars. And he suggests that the colonial empires of all the powers should be developed economically in cooperation through some gigantic international investment corporation which might function through the Bank for International Settlements. 'The shaken bases of capitalist economy require some such international rationalization to cure nationalism. . . . As for Great Britain, unless she bolsters up the international regime by admitting participation in the wealth on which she is now sitting somewhat ineffectually, her struggle to retain her expanded and strategically vulnerable interests will probably involve more wars and will eventually exhaust her strength. On the other hand, everything which she can do to integrate a world economy in which capital and development are freed to function to their maximum efficiency will strengthen her Empire and her chances of survival undiminished.' Rationalization of this sort means, in practical effect, the admission of American capital to share in the exploitation of the resources of the Empire. It will probably come about anyway—it has already happened in the case of Persian oil—but one wonders whether that is all that capitalism need do to make a peaceful world.

* * *

NATURALLY our Canadian interest will be attracted most directly to the chapters on the Dominions. The subtleties which surround the position of the Crown, the intricacies of the relationships among six nations who are one unit for certain purposes, and six practically independent states for certain other purposes, are all admirably analyzed. The

significance of the Balfour formula of 1926 about the common Crown, which skilfully involved some of the Dominions in a closer form of union than they desired, is brought out. The indivisible Crown operates to maintain a common foreign policy on questions of security, enables the members of the Commonwealth to give one another customs preferences without including outsiders, and prevents their inter-Imperial disputes being raised to the level of international questions which could be referred to the League or the Permanent Court. Nevertheless, as he points out, the partners in this British partnership have not completely pooled their resources or their liabilities; and the union under the indivisible Crown steadily approaches the looser form of a Personal Union. The Irish Free State has emancipated herself from whatever control was involved in the use of the Great Seal of Great Britain by starting to use a Great Seal of her own. Three of the Dominion governments announced in their parliaments that they had nothing to do with the British reservations to the Kellogg Pact. In the trouble with the Catholic hierarchy in Malta things almost reached the point when the British diplomatic representative at the Vatican might have been withdrawn; such a step would have left an Irish representative there alone, and we should then have seen whether the Crown is really divisible. In 1929, at a session of the International Commission on Aerial Navigation, the Dominions, before they could get the right to a separate vote, were required to state, along with the British delegate, that the convention on which they were voting would apply to their relations with each other as if they were independent states.

About the prospects of economic integration of the Commonwealth Mr. Elliott is pretty completely sceptical. 'In economic matters the Commonwealth is only a pious misnomer.' There are no common taxes or tariffs or ownership of natural resources. Nor can the Commonwealth settle its major economic problems within itself. Here his analysis is along the lines that are familiar to anyone who has studied our Canadian trade problem. But since most of the publicity in preparation for the Ottawa Conference is devoted to creating an atmosphere of almost messianic expectation, his chapter may be recommended as a wholesome antidote.

* * *

THERE are a few figures about our Canadian external trade which are worth memorizing before next July. In the calendar year 1931 we carried on 53% of our total foreign trade with the United States. We bought 75.8% of our imports and sold 63.6% of our exports outside the British Empire. In 1914 we bought 21.4% of our total imports from the United Kingdom and 3.6% from the rest of the Empire; in 1929 only 15.3% came from Great Britain and 5% from the rest of the Empire. That is, the share of the Empire in our import trade sank in this period from 25% to 20.3%. In 1914, 49.9% of our exports went to the United Kingdom and 5.4% to the rest of the Empire. In 1929 the figures were 31.5% to the United Kingdom and 7.8% to the rest of the Empire. That is, the Empire took 55.3% of our exports in 1914 and only 39.3% in 1929. On the other hand, the share of the United States in our import and export trade has remained fairly constant over the

same period of years in spite of both American and Canadian tariffs.

A country whose trade figures show such percentages as these is not very vitally interested in any scheme of an economic British Empire. We have established too many contacts outside it. Our greatest group of export commodities consists of wheat and wheat flour. We grow so much wheat in Canada that Great Britain cannot possibly absorb it all and we are therefore dependent upon world markets. Our second greatest group of export commodities consists of our forest products—lumber, shingles, pulpwood, pulp and paper. For these the United States is the great market; even if Great Britain shuts out the Scandinavian countries and the wicked Russians, her market cannot be a substitute for the American market which we have already.

The field in which our export trade has been growing most rapidly is, as a matter of fact, neither the United States nor Great Britain. In 1914 'other foreign countries,' i.e., other than the United States, bought less than 7% of our exports; in 1929 they were buying 24%, almost one-quarter of the whole. Canada has staked her economic future on her ability to sell to all the world, and she has gone too far on that path now for it to be possible for her to confine herself to British markets. This means also that she must buy from the world at large, as she has been doing in the past. The more firmly we get these simple considerations into our heads now, the less bitter will be our disillusionment when the labours of the statesmen at Ottawa once more bring forth a mouse.

F. H. U.

NATIONAL SOVEREIGNTY

By B. K. SANDWELL

'THE point has been made repeatedly that, before any advanced programme of social reforms can be launched in Canada, we must have a Dominion authority with sufficient constitutional power to control our national destiny.'—F. H. U. on the past 'constructive efforts' of THE CANADIAN FORUM, in the February number.

Why drag in the 'advanced programme of social reforms?' The establishment of a competent sovereign authority in the Dominion Crown and Parliament is incomparably more important than any single use that can conceivably be made of it; and the 'advanced programme of social reforms' is only one such use.

The Dominion authority is no longer in any danger of being paralyzed by the interference of an external but superior authority at Downing Street. But it is being actually paralyzed every day of the year by the limitations imposed upon it—partly by the text of a document drawn up by the representatives of the Canadian people themselves in 1867, partly by the decisions of an interpretative authority outside of Canada, but mainly as a result of the present attitude of mind of the Canadian people—in favour of a local authority vested in the various Provinces. There is a very real danger that this paralyzing process will continue, without much protest from anybody, until the Canadian people as a whole find themselves suddenly powerless to enact their will on some subject about which seven or eight of the Provinces feel very profoundly; and when that happens, either the Dominion will be cemented together by the blood of a civil war or it will be broken apart into two or more separate entities—the eventual fate of which it is not hard to imagine.

Canadians have never awakened to the fact that the limitations upon the ultimate power of the Dominion authority—limitations which were of no serious importance so long as that power was itself a merely municipal and delegated power deriving from Westminster—are of tremendous importance as soon as there ceases to be any overlordship, any suzerainty, over the Dominion from above. The lack of power in the Dominion authority 'to control our national des-

tiny' is everything that F.H.U. terms it; but it is also a great deal more. It not merely bars us from any 'advanced programme of social reforms'; it bars us from any adequate expression of the national will in any direction whatever. It is fairly certain that the expression of the national will would to some extent take the form of social reforms; that seems to be the general tendency of national wills at the present moment in most countries where they have adequate means of expression. But it might conceivably take the form of resisting social reforms, or maintaining a nineteenth-century individualism in a world of twentieth-century socialism. Who knows? And for that matter, who cares? Let us get the power to express the national will; when we have got it, I trust we are all sufficiently loyal Canadians to abide by that will whatever it may turn out to demand.

The procuring of an adequate national authority is so overwhelmingly the first desideratum, for any Canadian to whom the concept of Canadian nationality means anything at all, that it revolts me to have it looked upon as a mere preliminary to the obtaining of certain social changes. That is the state of mind which led our neighbours into the error of degrading their Constitution into a tool for the suppression of the liquor traffic. The Constitution, with us as with them, should be a declaration of the principles upon which the people are to be organized for the expression of their national will, and it should be designed with a sole view to the most perfect expression of that will, and without the slightest reference to the kind of legislation that will result from its operations.

The most urgent need of Canada today is the up-building of a public opinion which will affirm the right of the people of Canada to express their will, as a unit, upon any conceivable subject which may become of national importance. At the present moment there is no such public opinion. There is not even a party in federal politics with any strong views on the subject; each party is prepared to jettison any element of the federal sovereignty if that action will help it to get hold of the patronage and influence of the local

government in one or two Provinces. The court which has the task of finally interpreting the existing constitution is not responsible to the Dominion, is not familiar with the results of a system of divided sovereignty, and has no feeling for the national unity of Canada. The Provincial Governments, almost without exception beggars for the crumbs of revenue from the Dominion table, are at the same time arrogant in the assertion of every vestige of sovereign right for which they find the slightest pretext in the British North America Act. And neither their attitude nor that of the Privy Council awakens the slightest resentment among the Canadian people. The Native Sons of Canada are annoyed because the Parliament of Canada cannot get its legislation enforced until it has been signed by a Governor-General who was born in Scotland or Ireland and educated at Eton or Harrow; but they do not seem to care a rap that it cannot even pass any legislation that affects property and civil rights in a Province, or water powers in a waterway over which it has navigation jurisdiction, or generally 'all matters of a merely local or private nature in a Province,' and that these limitations, when interpreted in a provincialist spirit, effectively debar it from many spheres of an essentially national character.

The price of being a nation is always the sacrifice of a certain amount of independence by the lesser parts. It is possible that Canada does not really want to be a nation; if so, she has what she wants. But Canadians talk a great deal about being a nation; they behave as a nation in relation to outside nations; they have a national government possessing some of the attributes of a national sovereignty and lacking others, and therefore frequently unable to make effective use of those which it has. If they really do not want to be a nation, it would be better if they would say so, and adopt the form of an alliance of Provinces possessing in themselves the essentials of sovereignty. But in the meanwhile will not somebody—will not THE CANADIAN FORUM—seek to persuade the Canadian people that they should confer upon their central government the powers of a national authority, not for the sake of enabling it to enact an eight-hour day, or an unemployment insurance scheme, or real old-age pensions, or an effective aviation law, but simply to enable it to express their own national will on all matters of national importance?

THE LEAGUE FOR SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION

CANADA lags behind most other countries in her political thinking. But the experience of the last two years has produced a growing number of men and women, even in Canada, who have become very sceptical about the ability of our capitalistic system to produce an efficient or a happy society. Most of these sceptics are probably still more sceptical about the ability of our particular Canadian leaders in finance, industry, and politics to give us any useful guidance in our crisis. But individual critics are helpless by themselves; and there exists no organization in Canada to which such men and women can attach themselves with much enthusiasm.

In the hope of helping to fill this gap a group from Toronto and Montreal held a meeting two months ago

and decided to launch the League for Social Reconstruction. The founders of the League conceive of it as a kind of Canadian Fabian Society, although they are quite conscious that it does not include in its present membership any Bernard Shaw or Sidney Webb or Graham Wallas or Beatrice Potter. But they hope that it may form the nucleus around which may gather a good many of those unattached critical spirits who find no haven in either of the two national political parties, and whose circumstances do not make it possible for them to join Labour or Farmer political movements. What is most needed in Canada is a clarification of our political and economic ideas. Even if the members of the new society accomplish nothing much more than to work out by discussion among themselves the practical steps in a socialistic programme as applied to Canadian conditions, they will have served some purpose.

They hope to do more than this. It is intended to publish pamphlets on various aspects of our Canadian problems, and gradually to build up a body of information on such questions as public ownership and the social services, about which there is so much material available in England and the United States but so little in Canada. It is hoped that local branches will be formed in various centres; they are already in operation in Toronto and Montreal.

Membership in the League has been based upon the Fabian model. Active members, who have the right of voting and sharing in the decisions about policy, are required to accept the basis as set forth in the statement printed below. Associate members, who have the right of attending all meetings and receiving all publications of the Society, need only signify their general sympathy with the aims of the organization. For both classes a membership fee of two dollars per year is charged. University students may join as undergraduate associate members for a fee of fifty cents; or they may become full members if they wish, on signing the basis.

Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, M.P., has accepted the honorary presidency of the League. A provisional executive committee is in charge of its activities for the first year. Its members are Prof. F. R. Scott of the Faculty of Law, McGill University; Prof. King Gordon of the Union Theological College; Prof. E. A. Havelock of Victoria College, Toronto; Mr. J. F. Parkinson of the Department of Political Economy, University of Toronto; and Prof. F. H. Underhill of the Department of History, University of Toronto. The secretary is Miss Isabel Thomas, 760 Spadina Ave., Toronto. The following manifesto is being issued by the League

F. H. U.

* * *

THE LEAGUE FOR SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION

THE League for Social Reconstruction is an association of men and women who are working for the establishment in Canada of a social order in which the basic principle regulating production, distribution and service will be the common good rather than private profit.

The present capitalist system has shown itself unjust and inhuman, economically wasteful, and a standing threat to peace and democratic government. Over

the whole world it has led to a struggle for raw materials and markets and to a consequent international competition in armaments which were among the main causes of the last great war and which constantly threaten to bring on new wars. In the advanced industrial countries it has led to the concentration of wealth in the hands of a small irresponsible minority of bankers and industrialists whose economic power constantly threatens to nullify our political democracy. The result in Canada is a society in which the interests of farmers and of wage and salaried workers — the great majority of the population—are habitually sacrificed to those of this small minority. Despite our abundant natural resources the mass of the people have not been freed from poverty and insecurity. Unregulated competitive production condemns them to alternate periods of feverish prosperity, in which the main benefits go to speculators and profiteers, and of catastrophic depression, in which the common man's normal state of insecurity and hardship is accentuated.

We are convinced that these evils are inherent in any system in which private profit is the main stimulus to economic effort. We therefore look to the establishment in Canada of a new social order which will substitute a planned and socialized economy for the existing chaotic individualism and which, by achieving an approximate economic equality among all men in place of the present glaring inequalities, will eliminate the domination of one class by another.

As essential first steps towards the realization of this new order we advocate:—

- (1) Public ownership and operation of the public utilities connected with transportation, communications, and electric power, and of such other industries as are already approaching conditions of monopolistic control.
- (2) Nationalization of Banks and other financial institutions with a view to the regulation of all credit and investment operations.
- (3) The further development of agricultural cooperative institutions for the production and merchandising of agricultural products.
- (4) Social legislation to secure to the worker adequate income and leisure, freedom of association, insurance against illness, accident, old age, and unemployment, and an effective voice in the management of his industry.
- (5) Publicly organized health, hospital, and medical services.
- (6) A taxation policy emphasizing steeply graduated income and inheritance taxes.
- (7) The creation of a National Planning Commission.
- (8) The vesting in Canada of the power to amend and interpret the Canadian constitution so as to give the federal government power to control the national economic development.
- (9) A foreign policy designed to secure international co-operation in regulating trade, industry and finance, and to promote disarmament and world peace.

The League will work for the realization of its ideal by organizing groups to study and report on particular problems, and by issuing to the public in the form of pamphlets, articles, lectures, etc., the most accurate information obtainable about the nation's affairs in order to create an informed public opinion. It will support any political party in so far as its programme furthers the above principles; and will foster cooperation among all groups and individuals who desire in Canada the kind of social order at which the League aims.

HEIGH HO

Of all the cities east and west
There's one much better than the rest,
A seemly city, ordered, neat,
Where maidens still are chaste and sweet,
Where curfew tolls a silent knell,
To bed at ten—or go to hell.
There human hearts may warmly glow,
But if they do they do not show.
There civic virtue rules with pride
For truth and duty coincide;
And men are honest so they say,
And policemen live upon their pay,
While all sleep safely in their beds
Quite safe from agitating reds

Heigh Ho,

Toronto!

But, Mon'real,

Ha! Mon'real!

There, things are never very right
And wickedness patrols the night.
The aldermen are fat and sleek
And Heaven helps them but not the weak.
There, stars are hid, the De'il rides high
On liquor signs across the sky;
While mediaeval methods still
Let garbage blow about at will,
Invite the plague and kill the strong;
That city where so much is wrong.
But like a queen she rides at ease,
Her Royal Mount green-robed with trees,
And lovers walk in close embrace
In private or in public place
And if the traffic wants to jam
Well, no one seems to care a damn.

Mon'real,

Ha! Montreal!

Heigh Ho,

Toronto.

EDMUND FANCOTT

PERENNIAL

With plaited strands of April grass
Bind up this heart that splits and bleeds
As each fresh lilac leaf unsheaths.

Twist growing tendrils round the wound
That gapes anew at each fresh sound
Of water slurring underground.

Afix with gummy maple sap
The tear that widens at each thrust
Of crocus straining from the dust.

Then set the heart aside to heal—
It will not feel the shock of pain
Until the seasons shift again.

LEO KENNEDY

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL CONTROL

By A. S. WHITELEY

AT a time when the country seems bereft of leadership and inspiration there may be some value in an attempt to discover why the church has not played an effective role in the formation of policies for social control. It is evident that not only has the church failed to provide any positive encouragement but that its teachings have contributed, in part, to the lack of foresight which has characterized public policy in this century. The observations that follow must necessarily be restricted to those religious groups which have urged the participation of the church in the formation of public opinion. Little criticism can be levelled at those who do not stress the social implications of their faith. For them the social environment is not important, as they believe that the truly religious life is an inner communion which needs no material satisfactions. But in every denomination there are groups which admit that the Good Life is not possible for the masses unless social conditions are greatly improved. It is largely to discover the reasons why these liberal church members have failed to achieve the ends which they seek that this survey is undertaken.

It has lately been asserted that the church is re-establishing its position as a vital institution because of the comfort it offers in this period of distress. But it appears that all the church is offering at present is a refuge for those souls who are almost overwhelmed by the tide of misfortune that is besetting them and their neighbours. To others the church can offer some scriptural support for their belief that our misfortunes are but evidences of efforts of Divine Providence to lead us back to the paths of righteousness. The role of the church in these instances is much like that of the bankers in international finance. A sort of spiritual 'stand-still policy' is cultivated, which contributes nothing positive to the solution of current problems but, perhaps, prevents a total collapse.

In the immediate post-war period there were some indications that the church was preparing to assume a responsible part in the development of programmes for social amelioration. The resolutions of church councils and the reports of committees bear witness to this trend. But after one or two noteworthy attempts, which reached the brink of definite commitment, the movement subsided and was lost in a host of causes which absorbed the energies of the more able of liberal thinkers, but which checked the growth of the social philosophy which was so imperatively needed. For it is the lack of belief rather than of desire which prevents the church from furnishing leadership and guidance. And this lack of belief is not, as some would urge, due chiefly to the fact that the influential laymen in the church are also leaders in business life, but arises from the inability of the church to translate its principles into terms capable of being expressed in the attitudes and actions of its members.

The failure of the church, as students delight to point out, is due to the fact that its teachings were developed to meet the needs of an agricultural or trading economy. The problems which the evangelical churches recognized in their formative periods were problems of personal morality. The social ills which

they perceived were occasioned by the unrighteousness of individual members of society and, according to the teachings of the church, if each member could be persuaded to live righteously the evils would disappear. As long as communal life remained relatively simple, and the relationship between its members close and constant, the policy of the church proved rather effective and, indeed, rested on substantial pragmatic ground.

But with the rise of modern industry there came those impersonal and complex relationships with which we are so familiar. Hence the church was faced with the difficult task of adapting its teachings to serve the new order of society. At the same time it became necessary for the state to protect its citizens from the injurious effects of unrestricted competition and the pursuit of gain. In spite of these evidences of corporate activity the church continued to teach that the essential feature remained the same, namely, that the moral outlook of the individual was the *sine qua non* of social progress. In order that conscience might be an effective instrument for guidance some attempts were made to re-define the doctrines of brotherly love and Christian service. How successful were these efforts may be estimated in one way by the growth of charitable institutions and service organizations, which play such a large part in providing the palliatives for the less well-endowed members of society.

Nevertheless our present circumstances demonstrate that even a belief in service is not enough to insure that adequate provision will be made for the needs of all members of society, and it is not difficult to find out why this doctrine fails in its avowed purpose. In earlier times a member of a religious group, although free to follow the dictates of his conscience (which, be it noted, had been properly awakened) had his conduct subjected to the close scrutiny of his fellows. Now business life has become so complex and individual actions so disguised that it is impossible for group opinion to be exercised in an effective manner. Thus the freedom to follow the prompting of one's conscience, whatever validity it may once have had as a social programme, became the freedom to follow one's self-interest.

The impossibility of the church providing leadership as long as it holds to an individualistic philosophy has been well illustrated by Professor Walton Hamilton in his study of the coal industry in the United States. The following excerpts from *A Way of Order for Bituminous Coal* will give point to the foregoing remarks:—

Suggestions for the rule of coal have come largely from four great groups, preachers, special pleaders, tinkers, and crusaders. First, and probably most numerous, come the preachers. To them nothing is right or wrong but willing makes it so. They think of the arrangements under which the industry is carried on, if they think of them at all, as an established part of what God has ordained. Within them, in positions exalted or humble, are men who can elect to do good or evil. The great majority of them choose the course of strictest rectitude; but there is far too large a minority who are governed by selfish considerations and whose doings are 'anti-social.' The industry is to be saved by those within it eschewing evil and doing righteousness all the days of their lives. The remedies for the ills of

coal are any devices that will strike the fear of God into those concerned with the guidance of the industry. Sermons, publicity, threats, agencies to hold the parental rod, all have their place. Only these and nothing more.

To the church and its adherents [continues Professor Hamilton] the problem of coal was not an economic problem but a problem of personal morality. If the consumer is paying too much, if the laborer is getting too little, if the operator has his bothers, if the going industry does not go, if evils stalk the land, it is because individuals are misbehaving. If the mine-worker will put the public first and 'cooperate', if the operator will act as a citizen rather than as a profit-maker, and if the consumer will make his responsibility to the industry the first charge upon his conscience, and if all will act upon such information as the government can collect and disburse, hardly ever will anything go wrong with coal. And, if only each acts righteously, the bituminous coal industry will quite automatically keep itself organized.

While church members will probably hasten to deny that their views are as child-like as those suggested in the above quotations, one does not need to search far to find current pronouncements which re-echo the faith that recovery rests upon a change of heart in the individual. During the past few months clergy and laity have declared that the return to prosperity, international accord, or what you will, is dependent upon the establishment of a stronger religious feeling. The individual, according to these leaders, must seek to live righteously, and to pray for the speedy conversion of those whose spirit has not yet been quickened.

It would not be fair to leave the description of the influence of the church at the point just reached for, undoubtedly, its teachings have been a powerful factor in stimulating the passage of the social legislation which provides for many of the contingencies due to our industrial system. But the limitations which we have noted in the religious outlook apply with equal force in the field of legislation. One has only to review the outstanding measures to become convinced that the acts are more negative than positive in their effects, for the control and planning of industry have been left untouched. Such measures as unemployment, health and accident insurance, old age pensions, factory acts, etc., do little or nothing to reduce the chaos which characterizes industrial activity and business life generally. Such legislation is inspired by the humanitarian feelings of the public, but the acts are not formed or applied under the direction of a broad social philosophy. Nor will they be until humanitarian feelings and religious sentiment are allied with some concepts on social engineering.

One is forced to conclude that the teachings of the church cannot be made the basis of an effective social policy until the Doctrine of Service is linked to the Doctrine of Efficiency. This term itself suggests something concrete, and also implies standards of performance which are not subject to the vagaries of the individual conscience. But the suggestion of a term is not enough. We must discover if it would be possible to secure standards on which measures for social control could be constructed and their effectiveness tested. I do not think that anyone will deny that economic advances have been due to the development of more efficient means of production. A greater output at less cost provides the surplus wealth which permits an advance in the standard of living or the ac-

cumulation of greater fortunes by the few. This increased efficiency, however, has been confined largely to the technical or mechanical organization of industry. In a measure we have had improvement in the financial and distributive spheres, but these changes have so often caused the further division of an already crowded market that they have not resulted in lower final costs, i.e., from the viewpoint of public welfare there has been no advance in efficiency.

But I think that we have now reached a stage in technical knowledge when it would be possible to plan our industrial life so that the economic system would possess far greater stability and also meet more adequately the recognized needs of our people. Even if improvements were restricted first to the physical organization of production, great gains could be made. As I have said, increased efficiency has, so far, been confined to the mechanical organization, but this has been restricted by the ownership of properties. It would not be necessary to overcome any tremendous difficulties to secure the organization of production on an industrial rather than on a private basis. The financial structure of our business undertakings, the manner in which goods are distributed, the seasonal operations of our major industries are all capable of being improved on the basis of the knowledge which we already possess. And to suggest such improvements does not imply either the nationalization of industries or the adoption of some socialistic form of government. But to carry this argument any further would lead me into a discussion of economic planning and all that it involves and, I fear, might suggest that I had departed from my original topic which still remains the attitude of the church toward social control.

In order to pick up the thread of my discussion let me say that the advantage of a doctrine of efficiency is that you begin to worry as much about the calibre of your technicians and experts as you formerly did about the state of your conscience, or even that of your neighbours. For it is evident that little improvement can be secured in social conditions if we wait until those in control have satisfied their ambitions and become ready to allow altruistic motives to guide their conduct. Nor can we be sure that even the best motives would secure that coordination of economic activity which would produce the results we desire. In fact, it is clear that the guidance of industrial activity must first be entrusted to experts who shall seek no other end than the most efficient organization of the economic system from the viewpoint of national welfare. So far no group has been entrusted to develop such a programme, and we cannot tell how successful would be the attempt if it were made. We do know that the possibilities for improvement are almost limitless, and that it would be almost impossible to devise any system which would function worse than the one we have.

So far the public has made few signs that it desires any reorganization of the economic system, although there is a great current of popular discontent which is seeking expression. Here I refer not to the discontent of the unemployed and labouring class but to the questioning groups of business men who see only too clearly the shortcomings of their world. But the outlook of this group is still limited by the puritan background of the middle-class. In his *Epic of America*, Adams has written that 'as time went on the gristle of con-

science, work, thrift, shrewdness, and duty become bone. There were no influences making for suppleness. It was good bone, all too lacking to-day, but the flesh was missing about it.' The life of the business man has been greatly softened but there is still too much reverence paid to honesty and industry as the leading virtues of the good citizen. The conviction of a coal operator that 'the rights and interests of the labouring man will be protected and cared for, not by the labour agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God in his infinite wisdom has given the control of property interests of this country,' is still too powerful an element in the outlook of business leaders. But the present depression has done a great deal to shake the conviction of business men that freedom from control was the only way in which enterprise could be main-

tained, and with the weakening of the individualistic philosophy comes the possibility of greater measures of social control. Now is the time for the church to give some inspiration and leadership to this group, by showing them that it is the duty of a Christian to seek and rely on expert opinion for the solution of many of the problems which society is facing. The mere admittance by the church that an active conscience is not enough would do much. But if added to this were the teaching that the continuance of most social ills is due to the failure of administrative authorities to use the knowledge which they could demand, a large step forward would be taken. For in spite of the losses which the church has suffered, its membership still remains the most powerful agency for checking or aiding programmes for social control.

NEPOTISM IN CANADA

By A. T. HUNTER

THE principle that the man elected to power shall be content with that power is peculiar to democracies, and of very slow growth even in democracies. It took England over two centuries to establish the principle. It first emerged as an ideal of public life in the dark days of the Great Rebellion. In 1644 the Parliamentary Army found itself overspread with a fungoid growth of patronage. The Great Houses had absorbed the Generalships, and any Member of the House of Commons who had not made himself a Colonel seemed lacking in enterprise. So the War was going badly and the real fighters were calling loudly for a new model army.

In those days agitation in Parliament took a curious form. Instead of calling a Party Caucus they called a Fast Day in which they could seek God and desire his assistance to lead them out of the perplexities they were in. Accordingly the preachers prayed 'that the parliament might be inspired with those thoughts as might contribute to their honour and reputation; and that they might preserve that opinion the nation had of their honesty and integrity and be without any selfish ends or seeking for their own benefit and advantage.'

With this gentle beginning the preachers proceeded remorselessly to remove the hide from those who had been using their position as Lords, or Members of the House of Commons, to grasp military appointments for their families or themselves. The divines of the Puritan era were among the world's plainest talkers. After this dose, relayed in every Church in London and elsewhere, the House of Commons met, and Sir Harry Vane opened the debate by admitting himself guilty with others of the evils charged. He was duly followed by Oliver Cromwell who moved 'that an ordinance might be prepared by which it might be made unlawful for any member of either House of Parliament to hold any office or command in the Army or any place or employment in the State.' This, the celebrated 'Self-Denying Ordinance,' was duly passed by both Houses. It is true that Cromwell himself beautifully evaded the Ordinance. Nevertheless those old preachers and Vane and

Cromwell lighted in the Self-Denying Ordinance a candle that, although often obscured—and more often under the bushel than visible for two centuries—has in the end illuminated the public life of Great Britain.

The Protectorate was succeeded by Charles II, whose personality has recently become a subject of vast admiration to the literary folk who cater to the modern cock-tail-and-caviar reading public. During the whole period of the Restoration any suggestion that a public man should not seek his own benefit and advantage would have been Puritan canting, and its maker denounced as a Prick-eared whining hypocrite. After the Revolution of 1688 and all down through the reigns of the Georges the candle flickered dimly. Anything the big Whig Houses failed to get was accounted for by the rapacity of the Tories. Imagine at the beginning of the 19th Century, if you had expounded to Pitt or Fox a theory that a man elected to a position of power should be content with the power, and not seek to make himself a military Commander or secure appointments of dignity or emolument for members of his family. Either of them would have regarded you as an academic humorist who ought not to be allowed out in the streets. The Duke of Wellington owed his opportunities to nepotism, and as an auspicious precedent for our own Mr. Bennett he appointed his brother-in-law Packenham to an important mission in America,—the mission that Old Hickory Jackson closed at New Orleans.

Nevertheless the candle burned more strongly and steadily as the democracy of England asserted its rights and established its ideals. The Reform Bill cleaned out the rotten boroughs and with them a great measure of the prevailing family influence and nepotism. Here and there the old disease would break out. Singularly enough a Lord Chancellor (who under the quaint system that still exists in England is part judge and part politician), was the last palpable offender. Lord Westbury did administer some patronage in favour of his scapegrace sons. He was sharply brought to book. Public opinion would no longer tolerate this sort of thing. He had to retire; and he was

one of England's great judges. This was in 1865. Six years later that stout fellow Gladstone mopped up the last trenches of family influence when he abolished the sale of Military Commissions. Gradually, not only the opinion of radicals and democrats in England, but much more important, the instincts and habits of the English gentleman, have consolidated the principle of the Self-Denying Ordinance. By the time the Great War broke out, if you had suggested to the average British public man that he should use his influence to get civil office or military appointment for himself or a member of his family, he would simply have answered, 'It isn't done.'

After all, an instinct, whether in man or community, is stronger than a principle. Principles can be swallowed but instincts will not down. The instinct in a whole nation that he who wields the power must not use it for the vain-glory of himself or the profit of his family is the soundest thing in democracy. The nation that holds to this instinct has travelled about the whole distance; has arrived at civilization. Canada is travelling. She is about one century behind Great Britain in political civilization. We have had our difficulties. We did not start with democracies but with oligarchies. In this Province the Family Compact absorbed the Civil offices, the Judgeships, and the Colonelcies. Various champions of Reform struggled against the system and were eliminated. Robert Gourlay was driven out of his mind by persecution, and Francis Collins was tamed by a sentence for 'seditious libel.' Then arose the untamable William Lyon Mackenzie. In his paper he printed Black Lists of the Compact, with the duplicate offices they were holding. He roasted the Pooh-Bahs; where other Reformers lashed with whips he lashed with scorpions. The younger men of the compact wrecked Mackenzie's printing office and threw his type in the Bay. It was a lively episode. But the point for us is that a large body of citizens a century ago held with Mackenzie against men in office being guilty of pluralism, that is holding more than one profitable office, and against nepotism, that is handing out appointments to your own family. But another considerable body of citizens quite sincerely thought that Mackenzie was, as to his criticisms, unjustified and scurrilous and, as to himself, a turbulent agitator and seditious rascal. There would have been no unanimity as to a Self-Denying Ordinance; public opinion in Canada had not sufficiently grown in the eighteen-twenties and thirties.

When the Provinces of Canada were united, Parliament did pass some legislation—still represented on our books—the Independence of Parliament Act, to keep the rank-and-file members from dipping up to the elbows in the profits of Government contracts and holding government offices. As time wore on the exercise of patronage in Canada became less and less a personal or family perquisite and more and more a bit of party statecraft. The Tories, without declaring any adherence to a general principle, recognized the growth of public opinion; and their greater leaders like Sir John Macdonald sinned only in the interests of their party. The Liberals with a background of struggle against pluralism and nepotism were more pronounced and sententious. They talked a good deal about purity of public life, and of public men 'not seeking for their own benefit and advantage.'

And then one bright May day in 1887 the most

trusted and venerated Liberal in all Canada, Hon. Oliver Mowat, made his son Sheriff. That tore it! The rank and file of Liberalism, that had been cuddling the idea of the freedom from selfish ends of their leaders, simply gasped. That day the future Sir Oliver blew up the ammunition dump of the old Reformers. Plenty of excuses! Yes! Hon. Oliver after so many long years of public service was a poor man and had made no provision for his family. So he was persuaded into making the appointment by the entreaties of his colleagues and political friends; et cetera, et cetera. The grand old puritan principles was rolled up again and thrust back into the dusty pigeon hole for another forty years. Thereafter, Canadian Tories could sin without discomfort, because the enemy were equally spotted, and without shame, because they had never believed in the principle anyway; and Canadian Liberals could (and sometimes did) sin apologetically after the manner of Sir Oliver.

When the Great War broke out the contrast between public opinion in Great Britain and in Canada was glaringly revealed. One day an item of news appeared in the English papers that Winston Churchill was going to get a brigade at the front. Now Winston was a Guards Officer, had seen campaigning in India and Africa and had handled the Admiralty. Nevertheless a noise broke out in all the papers like the electric riveter you hear on a tall building. Winston did not get the brigade. Again, another harmless-looking item appeared that Lloyd George's son, who was a Captain, was going to be made a Lieut.-Colonel. Within a few hours the press of Great Britain began to heave in an earthquake. There followed a prompt denial by the Government; and the promotion did not come through. But in Canada nearly every Tory M.P. and M.P.P. proceeded to mount his horse and ride at the head of his own battalion; became a heaven-born Lt.-Colonel before he had drilled enough to qualify for Corporal. If any member of the Borden Cabinet did not make his brother a General—or at least a Lt.-Colonel—it was because he was a lonely orphan and had no brother. You would never have thought that the history of our people contained a Self-Denying Ordinance. The great beauty of it all was the complete unconsciousness with which these Tories performed. They were as shameless as a smiling baby splashing about in its bath. Nepotism to a Canadian Tory is a natural operation like taking mother's milk.

Just recently the matter has become of some note because of some inaccurate and badly-founded criticism by a member of the Canadian Privy Council, Hon. G. N. Gordon, upon the Premier of Canada. The fundamental fact is that the Premier of Canada appointed his brother-in-law—a tyro in diplomacy—to a diplomatic post of supreme importance. The Premier has expressed enormous indignation at being charged with what he did not do in connection with this appointment. He thunders forth: 'Sir, one thing is certain and that is that no man whoever he may be is fit to be Prime Minister of this country who is guilty of the offence charged against me in this instance.' He makes no apology for what he did do—appoint his brother-in-law. Had the Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett been Premier of Great Britain and appointed his brother-in-law (a man without diplomatic training) an Ambassador, then next morning several hundred newspapers, without respect to party affiliations, would have told

him that he was not fit to be Prime Minister.

But this is Canada and Canada is still travelling along the road to political civilization. If a Canadian Liberal Premier had appointed his brother-in-law he would have been somewhat apologetic but firm withal; the appointment would stand. The present Prime Minister of Canada being a Canadian Tory, is a shameless nepotist.



IV.

FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE

FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE is a solitary giant, treading his own lonely trail, heedless of his contemporaries, unhurried, undistracted. If the analogy be not pressed too closely, he might be called the Theodore Dreiser of Canada; these two austere spirits, these two men with the clumsy tongues, have much in common. But when Dreiser stands in the streets to feel the currents of modern American life, Grove shrinks from them and gives himself to the slow rhythms of the grudging prairie; he does not belong to the New World.

It is true that Frederick Philip Grove turned his back on Europe many years ago and shouldered the heavy burden of the pioneer in a new country, but he remains rooted in Europe and in the past. The America he has chosen belongs more to cold, northern Europe than to the exuberant New World. He came to Canada because it was like his own Scandinavia, because in the United States he could not find the environment which would help him express the 'individual tragic reaction to life' which is the fibre of his soul. In spite of 'aberrations . . . from the ancient paths,' he feels that Europe is still seeking after 'the higher things of life,' looking to the past when America jostles toward the future, and he is satisfied that when the United States abandoned itself to material gods Canada remained sober, European.

Some of us have less faith in Europe and the past. We are not so sure of ourselves today, we who have been tricked, we who repudiate the certainties of our fathers that have been shattered about our ears, we who know Science as a conjuror turning the universe inside and out, a handkerchief—there is nothing in it—and suddenly revealing God like a glass of water, only to make him disappear again. For all we know, two and two may be five; we are not so confident of our ability to discern 'the higher things of life'; we may even have a suspicion that Tragedy itself is a sort of august Romanticism. But Grove belongs to a generation that was sure of itself. There is nothing new under the sun, says Grove, undisturbed alike by social upheavals and the revelations of the conjuror. Don't bother me. Society is always in eruption. What have we to learn from sleight-of-hand, from the frettings of your Freuds, Einsteins, Pirandellos?

It is inevitable that the forms we are coming to think are most successful in capturing Proteus are to him so many fads and fancies; it is to be expected that he would put his trust in the Greeks, in Goethe and Hardy, rather than in such as James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, and William Faulkner. What we have to ask ourselves is, how does he fulfil himself in the old forms?

He has led us to expect much of him. As a man of the past, he possesses his creed and he has confessed himself to us abundantly, in magazine articles, in his series of lectures *It Needs to Be Said*, in all his books. We are bound to respect a writer who has the strength to keep his feet firmly on the straight path, who sees his purpose shining as the Holy Grail and gives his life to the following of it. There is something heroic in such a man. His devotion and his resoluteness, his honesty with himself and the world make criticism seem mere carping. Grove shuns what he considers the transient, and keeps his eyes fixed on the Great Tradition, unshaken by 'the clamor of the frantic public'; he labours seriously, almost grimly, for power, depth, and beauty; he offers us meat and bread instead of the sweetish custard he says the childish mind demands. 'It is the universal verdict of mankind at its highest,' he lays down, 'that the feeling released in the human soul by the contemplation of life is tragic; and therefore, by inference, that human life itself is a tragic thing,' and he sets out 'not to distract but to lead the reader into the inner recesses of his soul.'

Grove is a serious writer, so serious, indeed, as to be his own undoing. To a deep experience in reading, he adds a deep experience in living, and his books are the reactions of a serious mind. But profundity can thicken into turgidity and when Grove's performance falls short of his promise, it is because he stifles life. And it does fall short. The world asks more of its interpreters than high ideals and good intentions, and if we are bound to respect Grove for his integrity we are bound to be disappointed when he seems to fail.

Power, depth, and beauty Grove has achieved in his three novels, *Settlers of the Marsh*, *Our Daily Bread*, and *The Yoke of Life*. In a measure, we feel there is something important here, but something is lacking. Grove withholds. Like the hard land he writes about, he yields slowly and grudgingly.

In the first place, his language hampers him. When the books come to life, it is in spite of his words. He does not infuriate us, as Dreiser can, but—he confesses it in *A Search for America*—he still smacks of the 'English of fashionable governesses' and is rigid in his 'peculiar stiffnecked lack of condescension to everyday slang.' How can he create living people by 'correcting' their speech, as he admits he does? He talks about his characters in stilted phrases and featureless clichés—the virtue of the best new writers is that they give their people liberty to illumine themselves—and he stuffs stilted language like oatmeal into their mouths. A novelist must have a light hold on reality when he self-consciously puts current usages, when he allows them, into quotation marks. Pedantry keeps Grove down. Thick, dead words. Life lies buried under them.

But dead words are only an outward manifestation of the pedantry that stifles. How we long for the intensity of a Lawrence to make the lives of these home-steaders real! How we miss, in these novels, the smell

of hay and the feel of cool rain on the cheek! Neither for good nor ill, can Grove be called a novelist of 'The Soil'. 'I love Nature more than man,' he tells us in *Over Prairie Trails*, but in his novels Nature gets short shrift. He is out of place in the city, his city people are drawn with an unpractised hand, he cannot swing into the quicker tempo of the city: he is more at home with the simple country people, chiefly with the pioneers beyond the fringes of old-established settlement: but the land does not pervade his novels. Not in any of them does the prairie enter as a presence, as a doom, as might be said of the heath in *The Return of the Native*; never does the union of man and land become charged with passion as in *The Rainbow*. The bitter struggle of the Elliotts in *Our Daily Bread* is a true story, but the struggle is not so much against an obstinate soil as against an abstract thing called Debt; and yet the Elliotts cannot exist apart from the earth, as they seem to do when Grove, probably feeling that he would lower himself to Romanticism by so doing, refuses to allow the land to become a living character.

He need not deny the senses in his search for eternity, not if he is dealing with men and women, for surely when Adam delved the sweat stood on his brow and there was a rich warm smell to the earth he turned up; and if the men of the future will have no blood in their veins, what is the use of writing for posterity? But while he emphasizes its importance, the lyric eludes him. His beauty is the austere beauty of the mind rather than the warm beauty of the senses, the beauty of contours rather than colours. It may be true that art 'converts the concrete fact into a spiritual experience which has eternal life,' but is it not also true that a man is a sentient being and that you cannot define 'the emotional attitude of man to that which is not he,' nor 'lead the reader into the inner recesses of his soul' except by way of the senses?

Sometimes it seems as if Grove is against life. There is something disconcerting in his obsession with purity. It is one of his ideals to stand aloof from his people, to be coldly, severely, 'classic', neither to praise nor condemn; but the fact remains that, consciously or unconsciously, he takes a moral attitude; the didactic schoolmaster keeps rising up, like a spectre. We are disturbed by the wry comedy of Niels Linstedt in *Settlers of the Marsh*, but we resent the stiff, childish morality involved in it. Is the fact that he belongs to the slowly maturing North excuse enough for Niels? Is the Tragic Reaction to life to be founded on the fumbling of adolescence? Niels, a grown man, is a virgin violated; his conscience forces him to marry the harlot who rapes him; his conscience forces him one day to murder her. He revenges himself on life. Len Sterner, in *The Yoke of Life*, a finer Niels, kills himself and Lydia because the girl had become a harlot. Mrs. Elliott, in *Our Daily Bread*, reveals the horrible secret that she had actually enjoyed the pleasures of marriage, and her sudden wild fling at the dance, just before her death, is hushed up and, for the sake of sobriety, a diabolically comic scene is suppressed. But Grove's genius is not for comedy.

The inner meaning of Len's union in death with Lydia is that a sensitive man cannot live without ideals and must die rather than suffer his ideals to be smirched, but surely this, too, is a denial of life.

Yet we know that life lies glowing underneath, because often it is fused to incandescence. The unfor-

gettable figure of the patriarch Elliott, driven to his old home by a last light flaring up in his dimming brain. The episode of the driftwood fisher in *A Search for America* who said, 'I reckon,' Kolm's selling his potatoes to the Jew to get a dollar for young Len Sterner on his way to the lumber camp. The struggle for the horses in the slough, and the search after the hailstorm for the lost calf. The moment when Lydia burns the tent and deliberately accepts her doom, a flash of life before the dark. These are memorable passages. And we have *Over Prairie Trails* and *The Turn of the Year*.

Grove begins with *A Search for America*, carries on his experience in *Over Prairie Trails* and *The Turn of the Year*, and then develops into the three novels. *A Search for America* is the fascinating story of a young immigrant and his reactions to a new country. Its importance to us lies in its giving us the background of Grove himself. Frankly, it is the story of an individual and not the common experience of the immigrant, the story of a serious-minded youth, so earnest and unsophisticated as to make us incredulous of his gay life in the capitals of Europe; but because he is a conscientious, self-conscious young man, looking for a corner of the earth to plant his roots in, he examines other lives and institutions and the book therefore takes on a social significance all autobiographies do not possess. Bus boy, waiter, book agent, veneer man, tramp, hobo, farm hand—so he learned America, and it makes an entertaining and sometimes thrilling story. At last, to help foreign immigrants 'build their partial views of America into total views . . . to assist them in realizing their promised land,' he becomes teacher, doctor, lawyer, business agent, in the new settlements. The individual becomes the social man.

But never fully the social man, and this Grove confesses is the problem of the writer, the paradox of needing human contacts and solitude at the same time.

Over Prairie Trails and *The Turn of the Year* are the diaries of a solitary man. He is something of an heroic figure, this country teacher, driving his team under the stars, fighting the blizzard and the snow-drifts, or racing the hailstorm. The loneliness of the wife and child in the wilderness is touching and the father's dogged determination to be with them once a week, no matter what the weather, although he has miles to drive, becomes drama. So much that is lacking in the novels is to be found in the pages of these two simple books! The feeling of the wide, harsh plains which demand so much of this unbending man enters like iron. Too often, the writer is the scientific observer rather than the poet, and the pictures of snow and fog lose much by being so studied, but there is a swing, and something exultant in the man's determination and exertion; there is here the beauty of strength. The winds and snows of *Over Prairie Trails*, which is all winter, make us long for the wild geese and the coming of summer.

Over Prairie Trails ripens into *The Turn of the Year*, the most satisfying of all Grove's books. In form it has the beauty of a symphony; the cycle of the seasons revolves with the cycle of human lives. It has no purple passages: these would suit neither Grove nor the prairies, but not so often here is he the pedant, and he rises to urgent, honest poetry, the exultation of a strong man. He comes closer to the earth; we

can smell it and feel it and, without falling sentimental, he evokes homesickness in the heart of the prairie-born. Why is all this withheld from his novels? *The Turn of the Year* is alive with the drama of the changing seasons, the thrill of the coming spring, the adventure of the stormy going down into winter. True to his own spirit, Grove makes winter the climax, but it is a manly surrender. The men and women are more substantial than in his novels: they are sweaty, real people. But at the same time, they rise up large and symbolic. John and Ellen, the Sower and the Reaper, they stand for the enduring earth. There is more tragedy in the half-dozen pages of the Icelandic

Sower's story than in the whole of *Our Daily Bread*. We should have a new edition of *The Turn of the Year*, one, perhaps, that combines with it *Over Prairie Trails*, illustrated with good sturdy woodcuts, an edition worthy of a permanent work. This is the sort of book that should be reprinted season after season. Yes, we are persuaded for an hour to forget the conjurer. For in the long run, no matter how we approach it, there is always the earth, always storm and calm, the sky, the snow and the rain, always the Sower and the Reaper, always love and birth and growing old and passing into sleep.

ROBERT AYRE

From THE DIRGE

By FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE

I.

Oh, many are the moods that come to me,
Sometimes of hope, more often of despair;
And each unlocks as with a magic key
A chest of treasure terrible or rare:

Where like a magic jewel I preserve
The memory of some moment sweet or keen,
With power yet to thrill or to unnerve
And to evoke things felt or heard or seen.

Let it be love or anguish, joy or pain
Which I revive by this occult device,
Yet do I taste the flavour once again
Of that which does not come to mortals twice.

II.

The blow fell; we stood stunned—forced to accept
A world subverted and crepuscular
Which darkness from its core had overcrept;

As if an earthquake, with upheaving jar
Had rocked to light creation's depth which spins
With things unknown and spread them wide and far—

Chaotic things, as when a world begins,
Convulsive—things which should unsounded lie:
The hideous tremours of our origins.

And we stood sightless, impotent to try
Where we could find, with bleeding tentacles,
Some token known to orient us by.

Yet, not to understand and know still spells
Some sort of not-unhappiness to man,
Some sort of haven amid surging hells.

For as the blow was dulled, and as a span
Of time stole in between us and that day,
Then only was't that true torment began.

We looked about us then—looked as they may
Who from some nightmare tremblingly awake—
And saw the sun still holding ancient sway;

We saw the moon rise, saw from slough and brake
The mists thread and disperse, the river still
The thirsty bottoms of its valley slake:

And we saw man, contented in his hill,
Hurrying to and fro, and in smug glee,
Ant-like, heap treasure against the coming chill!

Then knew we nought on earth had changed but we
Who stood alone, we two, and grasped at last
What blow had wrenched the present from the past:
That we were two who had but now been three.

III.

'As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods:
'They kill us for their sport.'

Ah, were't but so! Then could I still believe
That there were some sense left in this drear life:
That Atropos, she with the bitter knife,
Knew what she was about. I could relieve

The anguish of my heart by blasphemies
And scoffings against those who sit secure
As lookers-on and laugh as we endure
Birth, life, and death and kindred flippancies.

Were it but so! I could at least rebel,
Defy, and rear against the stinging lash,
Provoking them to let their thunders crash
And by brute might my impotence to quell.

But it is not so. They, as we, are blind
And cannot see where leads their unled dance.
Above them, dangling, hangs the spider Chance
And spins No-Meaning, balm to soul or mind.

IV.

Yet still the days go by, a long, long line
Of figures bent beneath their dreary load
Of thus much time; and each ascends the road
From rise to noon, thence nightward to decline.

We try to bid them halt, implore in turn
Each one that comes his final boon to yield.
Each waves the staff which all the figures wield
And which denies what we were taught to earn.

Thus go they by, grey, trailing greyer dust,
Stirred by their garments cinder-grey and long.
Mercy is nought to them; nought right and wrong.
Forward they go; they go because they must.

We sit and stare as, grey and in grey gown
Each passes by beneath his load and sign.
And others rise and rise, an endless line:
We cannot stop them, can but live them down.

V.

So this is where you sleep, my tender child?
Here on this hill—the woods press from all sides;
The road loops by; it is the ancient wild:
The raven croaks, wolves bark, a squirrel chides.

So this is where you sleep? Here will I sit
And, pondering, still will bear you company.
The flowered mound, the carven stone are fit,
Commemorating what you used to be.

Yes, this is where you sleep. And you are merged
In that vast host of whom these crosses tell;
For more are dead than live; if they all surged
Back into life, they would fill plain and dell.

Sleep without fear, my child, not long alone:
For there is room for me, too, in that throng.
Some quarry even now grows my own stone.
Here will I come; nor will I tarry long.

VI.

They tell us that the world is still afoot,
That kings still pose, and parliaments debate;
That nations clamour, blinded by their hate;
That so-called thinkers ancient questions moot.

But younger folk, they say, more passionate,
Do now arise to strike the gnarled root
Of evil in the world: guilt shall no loot
From innocence exact in the new state!

And we remember that we used to take—
(Old stories these of times long long ago)—
In all such things a passing interest.

But now, uncomprehending, do we shake
Our heads at them. They would not clamour so
Had death been their as our unbidden guest.

VII.

(Dance Music Down-Street)

How can they dare to live when she is dead
And not bow down with sorrow to the earth?
How can they laugh and still the boards betread
That underfoot sound hollow with their mirth?

Let silence reign and everlasting dark!
Let not the sun rise, let the moon not wax!
Let no more tides the distant hours mark,
The earth stand still and all in death relax!

Let this sphere crack fitly to mourn its child!
Let ancient chaos reinstate this world,
Abyss bestride abyss, confusedly piled!
And through it let, from upper cycles hurled,

Some poor, lost spirit search as I search now
For some sense in this show. Let him dream still,
With burning eye and with erratic brow,
That he is here some mission to fulfil.

Then will I cry and laugh and raise my voice:
Hark! Hear the violin strumming to its bow!
They dance on other planets and rejoice!
Yet wait! Their time will come, though all too slow!

VIII.

How much more easy were it could we but
Accept all things encrusted in belief!
Then could like others we, with eyes half shut,
Welcome pain, suffering, loss, distress, and grief.

If we could see this life as but a bridge
That spans the gulf from nothingness to all—
Or as a valley whence to scale the ridge
Where glory sits enthroned and gives its call!

Death were a portal then through which we pass
From one life to another, not to die
But to behold what now as in a glass
We dimly see reflected eye to eye.

Alas that such a creed cannot be ours!
We doubt and sorrow, groping with wild heart
For some such thought as that these budding flowers
May symbolize that which thou wert and art.

IX.

Tulips, scillas, peonies,
Crocus, snowdrops, hyacinths
Mingle all their riotous tints
With sombre green of cedar trees.

While you lived, my dear, dear child,
Loved you all such gorgeous bloom
In garden, grove, yea, on the tomb,
Grew they planted, grew they wild.

How you wished that you could have
Beds of flowers and window plants
To brighten all your transient haunts!
Now we put them on your grave.

What in life you were denied—
Vagrants have no fixed abode—
On your grave we heap and load
And hope you love it though you died.

X.

I sometimes think when I go up the hill
That I should like to take you by the hand,
If but once more, my child, to go and stand
Together where you lie, forever still.



GASPE COD
By GILBERT SCLATER

And I should point to bedded plants and flowers
Such as you loved before you vanished hence;
They hide the mound and trail along the fence
To be an emblem of once happy hours.

Then would you say, 'O, look at this bright bloom!
How beautiful! For whom was all this done?'
And I should answer, 'All this is for one
Who lived and died. Woe me, this is her tomb!'

Together then should by the mound we kneel,
And you would fade into your phantom form
While I remained in this my earthly form
A little longer. Both should then we feel

That where you are I, too, would fain, fain be;
And till I am, I should within me keep
The memory of how I heard you weep,
As you dissolved, not for yourself but me.

XI.

I grow a sacred lily on my desk
And watch it as it grows from day to day
And think of you who, cold and statuesque,
Yet beautiful, within your coffin lay.

This lily grows and dies and grows again.
Do not the ancients tell a touching tale
Of one who went below, a buried grain,
And rose in spring, the daughter of the vale,

Leaving the god, her husband, king of shades,
To gladden human hearts with gifts of fruit?
All know the lot of beauty, that it fades;
Let me accept that story which they bruit,

If but for moments and as but a dream!
Then may the care with which the lily's growth
I daily watch and tend to me still seem
A living bond of love that links us both.

XII.

Yes, as I ruminate her brief, brief years
And spell her days from birth to burial,
It seems perhaps as when a dull day clears;
For, were there shadows, there was light withal.

Thus do I dote on comfort's sorry dross
And pick up crumbs my hungry heart to feed,
Yet know that I am beggared by her loss
And that this jagged wound must bleed and bleed.

And beggared is the world and knows it not:
For what is it, unmirrored by her eye?
Hill, valley, field, and forest—dot by dot
They are all there; lacks but their inner tie.

XIII.

I wish I had a voice to sing your praise;
Or a hand skilled to wake the mournful lyre;
Or thought to write the story of your days;
Or fingers fit to mould your shape entire;

Or had the power to reconstruct the world
In ways our earthly pattern to excel
Where minutes should be crystal drops that purled
From out a fountain, balanced ere they fell.

For such a world, reconstituted, would
Provide for you a never-dying fame;
In gratitude its future dwellers should,
Commemorating, name it by your name.

I wish I could one particle preserve
Of what you were; could speak or sing or be
As looked your eye, as bent the telling curve
Of perfect lips parting to smile at me.

Then could I feel I had not lived in vain
Nor wept in vain at that which I had lost:
That you had lived, would be a lasting gain
For all mankind to be, though at my cost.

XIV.

Faith, so they say, has power to move the hills
And to deflect great rivers from their course.
Faith grants our wishes, guards us from all ills,
And is of every strength the potent source.

But did not the apostle name these three,
Faith, Hope, and Love, proclaiming that of these
Love is the greatest? Fain would I decree
Him right in that. Then could on love I seize

As on a magic key, to unseal a grave.
For, though I lacked perhaps in faith and hope,
I had such love as willingly would brave
The gates of hell, could I, like Orpheus, grope

My way into the nether world to plead
With Hades there, the god of steely eyes.
With love I called and knew in very deed,
If love could waken her, she would arise.

But Love, the greatest, proving destitute
Of power to lift the lid from off a tomb,
The wanton Hope stood gasping; Faith was mute
And mocked herself by shrugging, Faith in whom?

XV.

What will this mean ten thousand years from now
When we are dead and gone and quite forgotten,
When bones are dust and our soft flesh is rotten,
And this world lives without us anyhow;

When changes such as we cannot conceive
Have sculptured plains and mountain chains eroded;
When all our superstitions are exploded
And people laugh at what we still believe;

When souls, with a new eagerness instinct
Communicate perhaps in closer fashion,
When sympathy is more than pale compassion,
When even language is perhaps extinct;

When there no longer are grim murder bars
Dividing us from weaker sister races:
When converse through the intermundane spaces
This planet holds with all the reeling stars?

* * *

What does it mean to us that long ago,
In the abyss of time, where man emerges,
A sorrowing greybeard muttered broken dirges
And stared as blind, on Asia's great plateau?

Or that an inarticulate Eskimo,
With wide-flung gesture, silent, shrugged his shoulder
As in the ice, so that it would not moulder,
He laid his child upon an Arctic floe?

XVI.

Oh, why should I be fearful of the night
That summons from the grave and coffin oaken
The shape unseen, the speech long long unspoken
Of one who lived in day's intenser light?

Wide lies the past at night, with many a token
That it is truth, not dream which wiles my sight—
As if for disappointment to requite
When, with the rise of day, my sleep is broken.

If I could sleep and sleep and never waken
And dream and dream of what is not but was,
Then would both hope and faith remain unshaken.

But ah, there comes a point when shadows pause
And when I wake and find myself forsaken
And doubly feel the grief that bores and gnaws.

XVII.

No, do not speak to me of healing time!
Time is a murderer that eats his issue.
Time spins and weaves and frays and wastes his tissue
And covers all his wreck with oozy slime.

The healing which he brings is but forgetting
Of what the ruin which he buried meant:
What boots it that the sun his colour lent
If he himself goes blind in his own setting?

That she who was is not: this wearing sorrow
Is, while it lives, a last gift of her day.
No, do not tell me it will pass away:
Such comfort casts no glamour on the morrow.

XVIII.

Come, let me sit behind this wind-built dune
And look upon the slumbering lagoon.
This is my life's belated afternoon;
Now can I sit and silently commune
With her who left me, ah, too soon, too soon,
And trace her name in sand with cryptic rune.

Who gave her to me as life's crowning boon?
I was the accompaniment; she was the tune.
I was nightfall; she was the day's high noon:
I was November; she, the rose-blown June.
Ah, that she left me so, too soon, too soon!
It seems she lived with me but one short moon.

XIX.

The year rolls on; November blasts are blowing
And groaning round the house beneath its eaves;
Autumnal days have come and are fast going,
For hours keep flowing.

The year rolls on; the swaying trees are moaning,
And past the windows hurtle sodden leaves;
Autumnal rains against the panes are droning,
Their dirge intoning.

The year rolls on; oh, could time stop its soaring
While yet her memory to our fibre cleaves!
All this has been but that we sit deploring
And on her poring.

The year rolls on: was ever time for sowing?
A harvest came; but it was one that grieves.
We shiver; on the hearth lie embers, glowing
But no cheer throwing.

XX.

This is a day of days; for sombre fall
Has dropped his cloak of trailing mist and cloud;
The light is fluid gold, pervading all;
The trees are gathered up, in prayer are bowed.

This is a day to stand on some great height,
Soaked full of silence; calmly to look down
A last time, stripped of self, whence, grey and white,
Rock slopes away to warmer green and brown.

Thus might some Moses stand on Nebo Mount
And look and ponder what he is denied,
And life and death, and God, of both the fount.
Thus did he stand and look, unmoved, clear-eyed.

And I, too, stand and look, clear-eyed, unmoved,
And ponder that which is and scorn the tear
But know this face of mine is deeply grooved,
And nothing matters since thou art not near.

XXI.

Oh that my voice were a stout battle call
To wake sleep-walkers from their work or play—
Or sudden burst of thunder from a squall
Of shaggy cloud in heaven's pale disarray—

Or the deep roar of waves that shake the shore
And scatter spray aloft with shattering shock—
Or the great rumble of mountains such as pour
Fire from their rifts, and smoke, and molten rock—

Or the shrill trumpet that awakes the dead
So that they shiver from their gaping graves
To face a new dawn, dying anew with dread
As heavenly heralds herd them with their staves!

Then would that voice be fitting for this verse
Which I would make a lasting monument
To tell posterity in accents terse
How one man felt whom God had bent and rent.

THE ARTIST

By C. N. LEA

PAUL CAVENDISH, the great artist, was frankly bored. He had been guest of honour at so many banquets that the novelty had quite worn off. He knew exactly what the chairman would say when he introduced him:

'... Our famous fellow-craftsman to whom we delight to pay homage. . . . How fortunate that our illustrious friend happens to be on this side of the Atlantic at the time of our annual meeting. . . . Although sunny Italy is the land of his adoption, we will never forget that he first saw the light of day in Canada, yea, even in this very city,' etc., etc.

At the present moment the treasurer was giving his report. The guest was not paying particular attention, but he gathered that the finances of the artists' club he was visiting were in a very flourishing condition. He would have known that without hearing the report. The large room was beautifully furnished. There were rich rugs upon the floor. Luxurious, well-cushioned chairs and couches stood in every corner, and the cheerful blaze of a coal fire cast a glow over the wrought-iron dogs upon the hearth.

The treasurer, who was an elderly man and had been a member of the club from its earliest days, was reminiscing. He told the members that the finances of the organization had not always been so thriving. 'There had,' he said, 'long ago been lean years.' He recalled that for a time (it was before they had purchased this building and were renting it) it had been necessary to add to their income by sub-leasing the room one day a week to a religious sect known as the Gospel Brethren. The guest of honour suddenly became alert and interested. He sat up and looked around at the walls reflectively. Why, of course, this was the very building! He remembered now. Strange he had not realized it before. A change came over his face. That name, 'The Gospel Brethren,' had opened a door of memory. He leaned forward and for the first time that evening listened intently to the person speaking.

'It seems almost inconceivable,' the treasurer went on to say, 'that a religious body holding such strict views as the Gospel Brethren did should have been willing to hold services in a building used by a club of ungodly artists, but they did; and in those early days we were glad of the help of these good people in meeting the monthly rent. That, as I say, was long ago, when we were a struggling organization. There is no need of renting our room now.' The audience laughed and settled more comfortably in the armchairs and chesterfields. The treasurer's remarks veered to other matters and the guest ceased to listen. His mind had gone back to his boyhood. He was living over again a certain Sunday morning of nearly forty years ago.

* * *

It was very hot in the room where the Gospel Brethren were holding their service and the one window at the front of the building was tightly closed. A bluebottle buzzed back and forth over the heads of the assembled worshippers and a little boy followed its course with dreamy interest. Once it settled upon the shiny, bald head of Brother Irving, who was leading

in prayer, and the child counted silently. How long would it be before the brother felt the tickle and brushed the fly off? Paul counted slowly to eighteen. Then a pudgy hand was raised and the intruder flew away. The bluebottle beat its tiny body noisily against the pictures that covered almost every inch of available space upon the walls, and finally hid itself behind a frame.

Deprived of this interest, the little boy looked about for something else. Brother Irving's prayers were very long and they varied only a trifle from week to week. One had a very fair idea of what was coming next. Opposite to Paul, and facing the table around which the Gospel Brethren were gathered, another little boy was playing with a note book and a lead pencil. This child's mother always brought something to meeting so that her boy might be kept quietly amused. Paul knew that his father would never allow him to scribble during morning worship. Perhaps, he thought, had his mother lived she might have brought something for him to play with. Mothers were very different to fathers. Paul was quite convinced of that. They were kinder and more gentle. His father had said that women were not so well taught in the Word. That was why they never took part in the meetings, but they seemed more understanding and more thoughtful of the comfort and welfare of those about them.

Paul's gaze travelled from the note-book and pencil in the little boy's hand to the pictures upon the walls. He did wish that the table and chairs were not so exactly in the centre of the big room. He was too far away to see any of the pictures distinctly. They were for the most part, small canvases. Once, after morning service was over, and Paul's father had been busily engaged in conversation with another brother, the boy had wandered toward the wall and his hungry eyes had eagerly scanned the pictures hanging there. He was not permitted to look for very long. His father soon discovered what he was doing and in a sharp, peremptory voice had called him to his side.

'Look not upon what has been made by the sons of Belial,' he said sternly, 'we are forced to use their rooms for our services, but at least we can ignore their works. We must be "in the world and not of the world." The command to us is—"Come ye out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord and touch not the unclean thing."'

Paul had never dared since that morning to inspect the pictures closely, but he wished that he could see them more clearly from where he sat. There was just one very large canvas in the room. It hung exactly in front of where Paul was sitting. A huge sheet of brown paper was always tacked carefully over it, and the little boy had spent many hours speculating upon the hidden painting. Did the artist who had made it wish to keep it protected from the dust? Perhaps it was not quite completed, and the painter did not want any eyes but his own to look at it until it was quite finished. Or, was it that because of its size it could be quite easily seen by the brethren as they sat together in the centre of the room, and the sight of what lay behind the brown paper covering might distract their thoughts from spiritual things. The last

explanation seemed to Paul the most likely, and he thrilled to the sense of mystery that shrouded the covered picture. He gazed at it again this morning and wondered afresh. Oh, but he would love to take just one peep!

Brother Irving's long prayer was over and the worshippers sat in silence waiting for the Spirit to move one of them to exhortation, prayer, or reading of the scriptures. A sister in the second row of seats on the opposite side had suddenly become faint. Paul noticed that she clutched her husband's arm convulsively and her face became deadly white. Paul's father had also seen the woman's evident distress and her strange pallor. This sister was subject to fainting spells and Brother Cavendish had more than once helped to carry her out of the meeting and apply restoratives. He rose now hastily and tiptoed to the big window at the front of the room, his Sunday boots creaking noisily. After some difficulty he succeeded in swinging wide the window, and then he crossed to the other end of the hall and opened the door that led to the kitchen and smaller rooms at the rear. There were other windows here and they opened easily. A rush of air swept through the building and the sister who had so nearly fainted began to revive. The colour crept back into her face and she raised her head from her husband's shoulder to drink the water Paul's father had brought her. There was silence again, and presently a brother raised his voice in what he considered praise, and the others joined him. The words were those of a familiar hymn, but the Gospel Brethren considered it wrong to use any sort of musical instrument at their services, and the brother had pitched the tune in too low a key. The brothers and sisters sang slowly. Each seemed to be dwelling so deeply upon the spiritual meaning of the words that they could not keep time with the other singers. The effect was anything but a paean of praise. It sounded more like a discordant dirge. Paul sang lustily, his clear, boyish treble rising high above the deeper voices of the others, and it was half-way through the hymn that the miracle happened.

The strong current of air that rushed through the room when Brother Cavendish opened both window and door, had caught a loose corner of the brown paper that covered the big canvas upon the wall. For a few minutes it rattled in the breeze. Then, suddenly, it slipped down, tearing itself away from the tack which held it at one side. The picture was open to view!

Paul ceased singing in the middle of a verse and stood entranced. Filled with awe, wonder, and a strange exultation he gazed upon the painting before him. There was a background of deep forest green and in front of it stood the life-size, nude figure of a youth. He was leaning against the trunk of a tree and playing upon a reed instrument. To Paul the boy was so real that he seemed a living, breathing person. It was not hard to imagine that delicate flesh quivering as one looked at it. Paul expected that at almost any moment the figure in the picture would turn around. He wondered if the boy's face was as beautiful as his form.

Paul had forgotten that he was at a Sunday morning meeting of the Gospel Brethren. He did not hear the dismal wail of the brothers and sisters as they sang the hymn. In some strange, inexplicable way he

had become one with the boy in the picture. It was he, Paul Cavendish, who stood there. He had cast away the dark, conventional clothing he always wore, and the soft, summer breezes caressed his vibrant flesh. High overhead a bird was singing and he was answering the happy feathered songster with the reed instrument in his hand. Oh, how glorious it was to be free, unhampered and all alone in the forest!

The exquisite dream was suddenly shattered. Paul felt a sharp nudge at his elbow and turned from the picture to meet the angry eyes of his father. Then he realized that the hymn was over and the worshippers were sitting down. He alone had been standing. He had been as a person hypnotized. His father picked up Paul's hat from underneath his chair and handed it to the boy. Then, taking his arm, he marched him out of the building.

The next Sunday the picture had been covered again and Paul never had another opportunity of looking at the beautiful, naked boy. However, having seen him once he could not be forgotten. Paul now felt that the figure behind the brown paper was a friend and a comrade. It helped to make more bearable the ugly monotony of the dreary Sunday meetings for worship and it marked the awakening within the boy of that ambition which eventually carried him so far in his chosen profession.

* * *

Paul Cavendish, the great artist, came back to the present. The chairman had finished his few, well-chosen words of introduction. The audience were clapping and looking toward him expectantly. The guest of honour rose slowly to his feet. It was on that wall over there that the painting had hung. He wondered where it was now. No doubt some wealthy patron of art had bought it. He would like to see it again. He looked down at the eager faces before him. Should he tell these people about that picture and its great influence in directing the course of his life? No. There were some things a man could not make public. Paul Cavendish acknowledged the applause with a courtly bow and then began to talk of the modern trend of art in Europe.

AUBADE

I think I shall not soon forget
Your face all ghostly where we lay,
And your dim hair the dew made wet—
Too soon dawn breaks for us today.

There was white bloom—a tree had shed
Petals and scent upon the grass.
And one time when we woke we said,
'Would God, these hours might never pass.'

And you are sleeping still, but I,
I wake and watch. From eastern lands
Morning comes up to where you lie
And bends far down to kiss your hands.

W. A. BREYFOGLE

'TEACH THE STUDENTS TO THINK'

By RALPH F. SHANER

I WONDER how many who exhort the universities with this familiar admonition have ever thought it out.

From the hour the infant is first laid in its crib, every conceivable influence discourages thought. A good baby is one that eats well, sleeps long, and seldom disturbs its elders. The growing child is endowed with imagination and curiosity, two prerequisites for thinking. Any part of these that escapes the impatience and indifference of parents is smothered by the regimentation of the public school. At adolescence the young man and woman enters a world less liberal than it has been for centuries. At no time since the Reformation have intolerance and superstition been so prevalent. The issues of to-day may be different, but the spirit is the same. One must embrace the fetishes of the right or left or be read out of society by the prophets of both. The legion of wartime propaganda has not disbanded. It has gone into peacetime advertising. Turn the pages of any magazine and note the shameless manipulation of fact, the vicious fanning of groundless fears, and the contemptible perversion of every noble feeling. Millions are spent to make impossible a rational choice among the smallest things of everyday life.

After all this the university is expected to take the student and work a miracle.

Perhaps it is well that a university cannot do the miraculous. If it did succeed in training all its students to think, it would be closed down by the overwhelming vote of its supporters. Whether these be the few that endow or the many that pay taxes, the fear of non-conformity is equally widespread. Every university in so far as it attains its professed aims sells its financial supporters something other than what they really want.

In spite of everything the universities do teach many students to think. They would like to do more of it. Indeed the ways and means to this end are a favourite topic of university discussion.

The suggestion most often made is that teachers lecture less and spend more time in drawing out the student by informal discussion and artful questioning.

The Socratic method can be very effective. It stimulates the teacher's vanity. It also stimulates thinking in students, provided they have a background of accurate knowledge. Socrates could take such a background for granted when he discussed the moral and political questions of Athens. Clinical teachers in medical schools have long employed his method successfully for the very same reason. Coaches for lame ducks use the Socratic method also, but then the results are not so remarkable.

On the other hand, if one reviews the melancholy history of great leaders of thought, one will be surprised to find most of them lecturers. Abelard, the first great university teacher, was a fascinating and quickening lecturer. Yale graduates of a generation ago will remember the heat generated by Sumner. Few have stirred up more thought than Jesus of Nazareth. He taught chiefly by parables, i.e., told stories. His longest extant work is the lecture on the mount. It was not even a sermon.

It is reported that the people listened because Jesus taught them as one having authority, not as their scribes. After all it is not the method that counts, but the man. Any teacher with a well-stored mind who thinks for himself cannot talk about the weather without stirring up thought in those around him. The habit of thinking, like all habits, is spread better by example than by precept.

Students, for their part, are continually warned to desist from collecting information and to train their minds. Students ambitious to think should study the methods of great thinkers. How did Darwin discover evolution? He tells us. He collected information from every source, and crammed his head and notebook with facts. For years these facts were a meaningless jumble. Then one day, as he was walking down a country road, the great idea came into his head from nowhere. Students should be urged to cram not less but more. Facts may be terrible things, but one cannot think without them. Anyone who assiduously collects them, and turns them over in his mind will sooner or later find himself thinking. If there is a good teacher for catalyst so much the better. If there is none, the student may take courage from the warning of Emerson:—

'In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts.'

On the whole the fault of the universities is not that they fail to encourage thinking, but that they direct it into too narrow fields. Promising students are led away from the general arts course into honours and set to intensive work in one subject. Some specialization is inevitable with the advancement of knowledge, but students should not be hurried into it so early. A variety of interests and a breadth of view are the chief sources of happiness for an educated person. Few honour students have an opportunity to cultivate them. For the coming years it will be in the public interest to encourage general culture as never before. The stage is set for the forward movement of the twentieth century. The dogmatic wrangle between reds and die-hards will soon pass away. No great changes will come out of it. Then will begin a long series of apparently unconnected proposals, each designed to ameliorate some specific wrong. Each proposal will be the work of specialists. Its modification, adoption or rejection will rest with the laity that alone can effect permanent changes. It is important that this laity include a large number who have not only the habit of critical thought, but also a fund of varied and extensive information.



AN AUXILIARY LANGUAGE

By ELVEN J. BENGOUGH

THE article, by Mr. H. M. Rayner, 'A World Language,' which appeared in the January issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM, greatly interested me. Will you permit me to add something to the subject, not in a spirit of controversy, but with the idea of furnishing some further information, and perhaps bringing out some points that the previous writer overlooked?

Mr. Rayner speaks of Esperanto being attractive mainly to three classes of people, philologists, intellectual snobs, and idealists. I believe there is a fourth class, the practical man, represented by such organizations as Rotary Clubs, Tourist Organizations, and Teachers' Associations, all of which have recently recognized Esperanto, but for the present we shall let his classification stand. The philologist is spoken of as a scientific man, living in a world apart, and therefore, we are led to infer, negligible.

But scientific men by their researches make tremendous impacts on the life of the common people, and this may very easily be the result in the case of the philologists, who have recently been giving a great deal of attention to the international language problem. At a conference held in Switzerland last summer the science of Interlinguistics was definitely recognized, and those who are studying this question are making some very practical discoveries. For instance, Professor J. J. Findlay, of the University of Manchester, is now advocating Esperanto as the first foreign language for children. He finds that the study of a constructed language brings out in a clear atmosphere the principles of grammar, away from the befogging effects of the exceptions and irregularities which inhere in all natural languages. (See his book, *Modern Language Learning*). Professor Collinson of the University of Liverpool is making similar investigations. It has been observed that children who have studied Esperanto make faster progress in French than those who have not had an introduction by way of the artificial language. Such statements and impressions are to be reduced to an exact scientific basis by an investigation now being carried on cooperatively by Columbia University and the Institut Rousseau of Geneva, with Professor Thorndike and Professor Bovet as two of the leading investigators.

The pseudo-intellectual snobs we need scarcely take the time to refer to, and as to the idealists, your contributor is perfectly right that many extravagant claims have been made for Esperanto, some of which have doubtless hindered the cause they were intended to help. It is probably true, however, that the average Esperantist of the present day is more sober in his outlook than his predecessor of twenty-five years ago. Forty years of experience of Esperanto has shown gratifying progress but no sudden conquest of the world.

Mr. Rayner seems to doubt the possibility of Esperanto in business because of the competitive nature of present day commerce, and he points out that the best way of approach to a customer is through his own language. That will be quite possible in approaching a Frenchman, as he suggests, but what about a Nor-

wegian or a Persian or a Chinese? And further, it might equally compliment the customer to approach him through the international language which binds together an invisible world brotherhood. Of course the number of Esperantists is comparatively limited. The situation resembles a new telephone system being installed; its range is limited, but each new subscriber increases the usefulness of the system to all the others. And even under present conditions, a considerable amount of business is done. It is interesting to note that the Frankfort Fair, in Germany, has used Esperanto for ten years, and during that time 150,000 pamphlets, 20,000 letters and cards, and 15,000 letters of reply, were issued and received. Lyons Fair, in France, has had only seven years of experience, but each year they issue at least 3,000 copies of one of their main pamphlets, as well as other advertising material, and they list Esperanto as the fifth practical language for international use in publicity and advertising.

The radio has not been as indifferent to Esperanto as your contributor would lead us to believe. We must bear in mind the fact that we live in a practically unilingual continent, under entirely different conditions from those obtaining in Europe. Most of the large European broadcasting stations have entered an agreement to announce their programmes once a week in Esperanto, and many of them give regular Esperanto broadcasts from time to time.

It is true that the talkies brought to light another aspect of the language difficulty, and many thought this would bring Esperanto to the front immediately. Something has been done along this line, and two or three Esperanto talkies have been shown around the world. The difficulty in the way, however, is that the audience must first be educated to a working knowledge of the language. While that would not be as lengthy a process as would at first appear, it is a large enough problem to make the producers hesitate, and to try first every other method of entering the foreign markets.

Your contributor conjures up for us the figure of comic strips in Esperanto, and of Esperanto on the radio in Canada; he seems to overlook the fact that Esperanto is intended only for international use as an auxiliary language. No one would use a telephone to speak to a person in the same room; similarly there is no need for Esperanto to replace any existing language. The development of national languages, which are more numerous now than ever before, makes Esperanto more, rather than less, necessary.

I am sorry Mr. Rayner ends his article on such a pessimistic note: 'Idealism does not pay.' What a poor world we would have if we all took that attitude. The world cannot afford to exchange its idealists for economists and shopkeepers. Where would the poor old world find its prophets and priests and leaders, if everyone abandoned his ideals until pay should be in sight. In such a time of antagonisms and rivalries as Mr. Rayner describes—and he does not exaggerate—surely we need all the vision and all the ideals we can get. In the midst of so much to break the world

asunder let us strengthen everything that will tend to bring it closer together.

Every personal contact that can be developed between one nation and another, helps to bind the world together. For forty years Esperanto has been developing such contacts, and is still busy spinning a network of international friendships, doing its part to draw the world into one great family, as was the dream of that great idealist, Zamenhof, the inventor of the language.

A CANADIAN PARALLEL IN ART

JUST as an European traveller's last impression of New York suddenly awakens him to the greatness of its skyscrapers as he gazes upon one of the world's most impressive skylines from the upper deck of the steamer which draws him away from a world he has failed to see when living in its midst, one who lived in Canada for some time, and failed to grasp the significance of its art movement, would suddenly, in perspective, grasp its importance and beauty and from afar, bow to it, and recognize with a feeling of admiration the purity and originality of its inspiration.

This thought has been brought back to me with increasing force since I arrived back in California, more than a month ago. Away from this field of seething art activities, I could only consider the wealth of its life, and its many and varied stimulating influences. Since I have been back, I have unconsciously come to see all art here only in the light of a Canadian parallel. In the mental process of comparison, Canadian art has grown into my appreciation even beyond the deep and sympathetic understanding I have brought to the analysis of its phases and manifestations.

In Los Angeles I was fortunate enough to view the exhibition of a famed American: Macdonald-Wright, the experimentalist in modern expression and the leading exponent of Synchronism. It was my first chance, in many years, to see the work of this apostle of colour as a means to express form, even as a substitute for drawing. The equanimity of spirit which prevailed in the inspiration of these paintings was impressive and led you to feel that you were before an Oriental shrine. The appeal, however, was wholly foreign and anonymous. You could not find under the surface the pulse which animated this art. It was the product of an able and well-trained aesthetic mind. It was art, yes, but purely for art's sake.

In the same gallery there was a room full of nudes by Morgan Russell, painted according to his own theory of colour when he says, 'Colour is form; and in my attainment of abstract form I use those colours which optically correspond to the spatial extension of the forms desired,' a highly involved theory, the result of which is no doubt arresting and stimulating, but as in the case of the work of Macdonald-Wright remains entirely in the realm of aesthetic art.

In San Francisco I have seen so far, every important exhibition which has appeared since I arrived. Practically all of them involved the same art principle. A young painter of Southern California who was suddenly brought out of silence, some three years ago, when a picture of his was accepted by the jury of the International Exhibition of Paintings of the Carnegie

Institute in Pittsburgh, had a one-man show at one of the prominent galleries in San Francisco two weeks ago; Everett Gee Jackson. I went because much is expected of this artist, and because I wanted to measure him to a Canadian standard. I found fine pictures, all of them, but the recipe which had served to make them stared at you from behind the design and the compositional arrangements of the subjects, and it was signed, Diego Rivera, a name to be conjured with indeed, but then a recipe is a recipe in art, and is no substitute for an original inspiration. A young disciple of Macdonald-Wright is one of the current exhibitors at one of the two museums here. His name is John Emmet Gerrity. His treatment of light is also 'by multiple rainbow-like colour waves which, expanding into larger undulations form the general composition.' A brilliant painter this artist is, also a very refined draughtsman as is indicated by his drawings of nude figures sketched during the recitals of a modern group of dancers, but after one has seen much of this work and its like, one grows weary of so much brilliance, of so much talent. It is no more startling, it all lies in the method of approach, in the intellectual attitude of one or more leaders.

There is none of what I would term 'hot-house art' in Canada. After every outing to exhibitions by some sophisticate which I have attended, since I left Canada, I have come back to my home, and in a warm *tête à tête* with my Canadian collection of paintings and drawings, I have acknowledged to myself, not only the sanity and freshness of Canadian art, but also its greater significance in the face of the aesthetic work of those 'men and women of the world'. In perspective, and more strongly than I ever did when close to it, I feel that the Canadians, with all the humbleness of their actual art achievements, are following the only art principle which, in time, has made any art lasting and important. They handle the subjects which are closest to them, and with which they are most familiar, and they do it in a spirit of love and devotion. They believe in their inspiration, they go deeper still, they believe in the original source of their inspiration, they believe in Canada, however provincial this may sometimes seem, and the result is that their art has a full note of authenticity, it is filled with the sort of strength which grows with conviction.

I look at the picture of a severe totem pole by Emily Carr which presides over my home, here, in California; I look at the sleighs that glide on a soft snow, in opposite direction, under a winter sky painted by Albert Robinson; I look at the winding of a long, long road that tries to climb a Quebec hill, in one of A. Y. Jackson's versions of Canada; I remember the broken silvery trunk of one of Lawren Harris' solitary trees detached from somewhere on an island of Lake Superior; and slowly there appears, before me, a somebody with an unmistakable entity, with a soul, with a definite character . . . it is Canada; its spirit, its very body. In parallel with the skilful achievements of so many practitioners of art elsewhere, Canadian art is a living, growing art. Although it has not gone far yet, although it is still a humble form of art among the great arts of the world, it is the perfect antithesis of the aesthetic art which is slowly submerging the field of art here and everywhere.

The Canadian artist has experienced his own subject fully before expressing it, in painting, in plaster,

or stone. He has taken a physical, as well as a spiritual contact with his country before presenting it in all its moods in terms of art. Those brilliant artists of which the world at large is full are pursuing art, for the mere sake of art in itself. It may be, and we can agree to this, that these aesthetes begin where the Canadians leave off, but the chicken farm has got the chickens, the prestidigitator only makes you believe that he has got them.

JEHANNE BIETRY SALINGER

THE AVIATORS

We're changing our airs,
It's so terrestrial!
We've got a flair
For ether celestial:

Sticking to Earth—
What could be stupider!
We're for rebirth
Encompassing Jupiter,

Counting his moons;
Volplaning high
(Because of the red
In Taurus's eye)

To teach lunar guys
(Whose crops are but so-so)
To draw their supplies
From Earth with a yoyo;

Charting the channel
'Twixt Pluto and Wales,
Lapping warm flannel
On cold comets tails;

Looping a loop
Through Saturn's rings,
Seeking a scoop
Re heavenly things:

For primeval slime,
It's a cell-thrilling pace,
But we'll finish in time—
If not in space.

CLARA HOPPER



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CLASSICAL SCHOLARSHIP

GREEK COMEDY, by Gilbert Norwood (John W. Luce and Co., Boston; pp. 413; \$5.00).

THIS volume is distinctly a scholar's book, and also, whether the author meant it so or not, it is a book for scholars much more than for the general student of literature, whose legitimate interest would be rather in broad impressions than in highly specific information. To illustrate, many pages in the first five chapters are occupied with that process of classical scholarship which is best described by comparing it with the effort of a person mechanically minded to reconstruct a complete theoretical automobile of which he has been given only the eighteenth left-hand chassis nut. Somewhat analogous are extended conjectures on the nature of the plot in non-extant Greek comedies of which we happen to have a couplet preserved to us by the merest chance.

Of course in fairness it should be said that the author has made no concealment of his purpose. In the preface he writes: 'My chief reason for undertaking it [the book] was an ambition to offer, so far as should prove possible, an adequate and illuminating account of numerous minor yet most engaging playwrights.' But it may be doubted whether the account, extremely adequate as it is considering the available material, can be called very illuminating, and that for reasons over which Professor Norwood has no control; he has however suggested a very prominent one himself on pp. 200-201, but only after five chapters of material much of which is of interest only to a very small circle of initiates, and even then, one fears, somewhat in the spirit of the 'research worker' so admirably cartooned at the foot of p. 299.

It seems odd in view of the tack taken in these earlier chapters that in the case of Aristophanes the author should give us in great detail an account of the plots of even the best known of the comedies of the great Athenian; for professional classicists this is surely unnecessary, while mere amateurs would never have survived to this point to make use of them. But that would be a great pity, because the chapters on Aristophanes and Menander are as a matter of fact charmingly written, filled with profound and informing judgments, and thoroughly understandable for the general reader as the earlier chapters are not. It would be hard to cite any place where, for instance, he would see more clearly and forcefully developed the fact, more often than not lost sight of, that Menander is actually the successor of Euripides and not of Aristophanes. The name 'comedy' is deceptive here as to literary and spiritual filiation.

The exact scholarship of the work is demonstrated, as unfortunately is so often the case in our day, nowhere better than in the foot-notes, unfortunately because it may be suspected that few but the esoterics adventure into the nethermost limbo of the scholar's page. But Professor Norwood's notes are not merely learned citations confirmatory of the text; they con-

tain much independent information, valuable in itself. It would be instructive for those who rave indiscriminately about the Greeks to have the author of *Greek Comedy* remind them that many Greek vase-pictures illustrative of comedy are severely Comstockized in passing into English texts; the earthy Greeks were not so shy about their earthiness. There is a fine brevity too in the way in which, by putting one phrase of Horace's against the professorial Quintilian's *Satura quidem tota nostra est*, our author saps our last illusion on the subject of Roman originality. Evidently the 'scholarship' of his treatment of Greek metres has been called in question, but, leaving aside the debatable point of the inclusion of chapter viii in such a work at all, one experiences a deep thankfulness for anything so modest and so clear in the handling of a subject thoroughly obfuscated by so many professional classicists.

Small items which suggest themselves as a contribution towards gilding refined gold are these. Is the spelling 'O Yes!' for the familiar 'Oyez!' in any sense helpful, especially in an Oh yeah! age? Is not the *phrugana* of p. 22 rather 'dry stuff' of all kinds, including weeds? The 'crackling of thorns under a pot' is in point. On p. 106 a capital delta has ousted a lambda, nor is it quite clear why this particular title became capitalized at all. It almost has the effect of making Logos and Logina seem like the hero and the heroine of the book. On p. 113 we should read *dell* in place of *del!* On p. 137 'later' needs the reinforcing of another 't'. On p. 267 the division of Cloudcuckootown into syllables is slightly alarming. On p. 319 one feels that 'prologizing,' given the preference by Fowler, is the happier spelling.

WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER

THE MINORITY QUESTION

SLOVAKIA THEN AND NOW, a Political Survey by many Slovak authors, arranged by R. W. Seton-Watson (Allen & Unwin; pp. 356; \$3.75).

THE present book will owe a large part of its interest to the authority of its editor. With the possible exception of Mr. Wickham Steed, no Englishman played a greater part than did Dr. Seton-Watson in familiarizing the Allied Governments during the War with the claims and aspirations of the Czecho-Slovaks. It was Seton-Watson who in October, 1914, met Masaryk (now President of the Republic) at Amsterdam, and who, on the basis of those interviews, drafted the memorandum in explanation of the Czech position which was to be laid before the Governments of London and Paris and which was subsequently carried by Sir Paul Vinogradoff to Sazonov in Russia. During Masaryk's long work of propaganda in England, from the Autumn of 1915 to the Spring of 1917, it was Steed and Seton-Watson who formed, as the President has told us, 'the friendly refuge and the centre' from which his political circle was daily enlarged and who gave him access to the most influential quarters in London. Seton-Watson was instrumental in securing for Masaryk the professorship at King's College, London, which was to be an effective vehicle for his ideas, and from October, 1916, onwards, Seton-Watson's weekly paper, *The New Europe*, gave him steady support in defining and spreading a knowledge of

Czech and Slovak aims. It was Seton-Watson and Steed again, who at the Rome Congress of April, 1918, were chiefly responsible for finding a formula upon which all the oppressed peoples of Austria-Hungary could agree.

The editor of this book, therefore, has always had for the Czecho-Slovak Republic something of the affection of a creator for his handiwork, but it has never been an indiscriminating affection. Eight years ago, in his *New Slovakia*, he pointed out with candour the difficulties besetting the feet of the infant State. Between the Czechs whose independent national feeling had never been doubted, and the Slovaks who in 1914 had all but succumbed to the Magyarizing process of assimilation to which they were subjected by their Hungarian rulers, there was a marked difference of political maturity, and for some years after the War, the excessive centralization practiced by the Czech Government at Prague, and the need to import qualified Czechs into Slovakia, in order to improvise an administration in a province in which native ability had been systematically stunted, led to serious friction and jealousy between the two sections of the Czecho-Slovak nation. It is with obvious satisfaction, therefore, that Dr. Seton-Watson now records his opinion that the wider measure of provincial autonomy given to the Slovaks in 1927 has gone far to allay the fear of internal schism, and lest his testimony should be suspected of being dictated by Czech sympathies, he has here collected the views of some twenty-five leading Slovaks. His contributors are drawn from various parties, religious creeds, professions and occupations, but an underlying unity is given to the book by the view shared by all its authors that the Slovaks have gained in every aspect of national life by exchanging their former subordination to the Magyars for co-operation with the Czechs, and by the editor's firm conviction that of all the new states of Europe 'Czecho-Slovakia alone has fully justified the hopes and expectations of her friends, and after playing a consistently constructive role in European politics since 1918, has become one of the keystones of the new order.'

Dr. Seton-Watson himself contributes an introduction in which the historic origins and post-war developments of the Slovak question are clearly outlined. He has always been a vigorous controversialist, as those who have read his strictures on the present régime in Yugo-Slavia will agree, and he has some hard things to say about the ill-judged, pro-Magyar Revisionist campaign carried out by the Rothermere Press since 1927. He himself writes sanely and fairly of the position of the Magyar and German minorities, and there is sound common-sense in his reminder that with the mixed populations of Central and Eastern Europe a perfect racial frontier is unattainable, and that the paramount aim must be to reduce, wherever possible, the importance of the existing frontiers. This, however, as he freely states, is only possible if the various minorities are permitted the fullest cultural development, and if being thus set free from the fear of forcible assimilation, they are themselves ready to recognize their duty of loyalty to the State.

The book is clearly printed, generously illustrated, and has adequate maps.

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SARTORIAL ART

CLOTHES, by Eric Gill (Jonathan Cape; pp. 197; 10/6).

ERIC GILL has written the Bible of sartorial art, and it is a Roman Catholic Bible: a most delightful excursion into the metaphysics of clothes, sprinkled here and there with the elusive theology of Holy Church, to the detriment of the main argument. Assuming, like Carlyle, that the primary purpose of wearing clothes is not to afford the body protection against inclement nature, but to provide man with dignity and adornment, Mr. Gill proceeds to discuss clothes as houses or shelter, as workshops or tools of our trade, and as churches and townhalls.

We have come to regard the wearing of clothes as a refinement of civilization, as something artificial and unnatural, which was carried to absurd lengths in the Middle Ages. This is all wrong, says Mr. Gill; there is nothing so unnatural as a naked man or woman. In fact, the word 'man' conjures up in our minds the image of a clothed man and to express the opposite we must have recourse to an adjective: naked man.

However sensible we may be on any other subject, our philosophy of clothes is hopelessly irrational; indeed we hardly ever think about them at all:—

One man condemns the kilt as a garment for men because, as he says, you cannot ride a bicycle in one, and another, on seeing a girl in breeches, says it is indecent because a lady is, by definition, one who succeeds in hiding the fact that she bifurcates The same person who says a man cannot ride a bicycle in a kilt will be annoyed if he sees a girl riding one in breeches; the person who regards clothes as pockets would hate to see his lady secretary wearing a man's waistcoat, though she has as much need of pockets as he has; the people who profess to regard clothes as merely for warmth will go to the city in summer in top hat and frock coat but would think that woman mad who, in the same place, wore an overcoat. The person who thinks clothes are simply for modesty will cover himself from head to foot with thick tweeds, but will think nothing wrong in a woman who goes nearly naked to the theatre—provided, of course, she sits in the stalls or boxes, and is protected by a barrier from the poor and needy.

If clothes are for dignity and adornment, it is not difficult to see why the art of making and wearing them has fallen on such evil days. Modern industrialism has degraded man from an artist, who takes delight in making things for their own sake, to an instrument, which does things to earn its daily bread and treacle. To speak of dignity and adornment in an industrial age is nonsense; there can be no such things. Hence the ultra modern return to bare unadorned simplicity in architecture and furniture-making is praised by Mr. Gill, because it at least shows an honesty on the part of the maker, who realizes that in a machine age ornamentation is as much out of place as a self-respecting man at a political convention.

Ours is a business civilization; accordingly we wear the clothes of the business man, the clothes of the counting house. 'All men wear the clothes of clerks. All men wear the clothes of the puritan man of business who sees no justification for any human activity but financial success.'

There are delightful chapters dealing with 'Clothes for Special Parts,' 'Dignity and Decency and the Tyranny of Tailors,' 'Nature and Nakedness,' and a most amusing 'Epilogue on Trousers.' Mr. Gill's

many excursions into metaphysics and sociology may not have much scientific value—he makes no claims that they have—but they invariably make attractive reading. His attempt to throw the stigma of Christian asceticism upon the sagging shoulders of Puritan Protestantism (Mr. Gill diplomatically calls it just Puritanism) may be unjust, but if you substitute Hebraism for Puritanism, you have a very able restatement of the old contrast between Hellenism and Hebraism, which Heine and Matthew Arnold worked out in the last century. When he slings off at the arrogance and barrenness of the modern scientist, Mr. Gill has nothing more valuable to say than the useless rubbish bandied about by the holy men; but he says it most entertainingly. And a few odd passages here and there in the book are truly admirable for their brilliancy and wit: such as the distinction between making and doing, the contrast between the tailor and the dressmaker and the savage attack on the business man.

The book is finely printed in the Perpetua type which Mr. Gill designed himself and has ten beautiful diagrams engraved by the author. The little volume deserves to be read and reread for its style and epigrammatic quality alone.

H. STEINHAUER

ULTRA-POLITE SOCIETY

RETURN I DARE NOT, by Margaret Kennedy (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 306; \$2.00).

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER, a novelization of the play, by St. John Ervine (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 327; \$2.50).

IN *Return I Dare Not*, Margaret Kennedy abandons Bohemia for ultra-polite society. Hugo Pott, the excessively successful novelist, unlike the temperamental Sangers, has social ambitions. By making capital of a naturally modest disposition and charming manners he has become a popular idol. 'In private life he was a Thoroughly Nice Young Man . . . He made no secret of his shortcomings, and fell off horses in public with an almost royal regularity . . . Honesty and sincerity were natural to him, until they became so much the expected thing as to be no longer entirely spontaneous.' Not content with the adulation of his public, Hugo seeks admission to the inner circle of the nobly bred, those who have 'studied living itself as an art.' An invitation to Syranwood gives him his chance. Should he succeed in pleasing the select company there, his place is assured. *Return I Dare Not* is the record of that week-end party.

The theme proves to be an admirable foil for Miss Kennedy's satirical wit. She is an artist in the comedy of manners. With a few clean strokes she creates the characters of the Syranwood party. Affecting to take them at their own valuation, she makes them the medium for her satire. The week-end marks a crisis in the life of each; all save Hugo are completely absorbed in their own trivial affairs and sublimely unconscious of the triviality. Hugo alone is self-conscious, wretchedly aware of the artificiality, yet stubbornly determined to fit himself into the new environment even while he realizes his incompatibility. Only at the end, when his frayed nerves give way, does he cut himself free at one

stroke from the Syranwood group and from the life of poses which has grown hateful to him.

The charm of the book lies, not in story or characterization, but in Margaret Kennedy's prose. If *Return I Dare Not* lacks depth, it reveals more clearly than any of her other novels, her mastery of words. Indeed, one feels that it has been created for that express purpose. Miss Kennedy is showing off, and enjoying it immensely. The experience is no less amusing for the reader. If only for its epigrammatic wit and ironical sophistication, it is well worth reading.

Comedy of a very different sort is *The First Mrs. Fraser*, St. John Ervine's novelization of his play. Her new dress ill becomes Mrs. Fraser. Quoting the comments upon the play, the cover claims that in the form of a novel it is equally good entertainment. Indeed it is not. 'Crisp, witty, intelligent,' are the last adjectives one would apply to it. What may have been wit has become tinged with a Barrieish sentimentality; the result is rather sickening. Most of the dialogue is as good as ever, its wrappings are impossible. 'Janet gave a little giggle,' 'Alice gave a little gurgle . . .'; 'Alice saucily replied,' 'Ninian mockingly murmured.' Worst of all is Janet, as may be judged from the general tone of her conversation and pretty philosophizings: 'Ouf, thought Janet, ouf, ouf.' 'Shoosh, Ninian, shoosh,' 'Shoosh, shoosh, shoosh, Philip,' and finally, 'Janet was as God made her and she had no intention of remaking herself after the pattern approved by the Forward Women. She liked God's way.' We don't like St. John Ervine's.

M. A. CAMPBELL

THE QUANTUM THEORY

THE UNIVERSE IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN PHYSICS, by Max Planck, transl. by W. A. Johnston (Allen & Unwin; pp. 107; 4/6).

THIS work is the translation of two small books by the originator of the Quantum Theory, that were published in German under the titles of *Das Weltbild der neueren Physik* and *Physikalische Gestaltlichkeit im Lichte neueren Forschungen*. It displays philosophical interest, is admirably clear, and, of course, authoritative. A short review must necessarily concentrate on a few of the important issues that are raised.

After pointing out the existence of three worlds of experience, that of sense perception, of reality independent of man and perceived indirectly by the senses, and a third world, that of physics, which has become more and more abstract, consistently moving further and further from the world of sensation, and in which logical structure and mathematical operations play a growing part, and the goal of which may be theoretically unattainable, the author discusses the effect of the great changes that have taken place in physical theories during the last twenty years, through the formulation, firstly, of the Theory of Relativity, and then of the Quantum Theory of Action.

At first, the Theory of Relativity appeared to bring confusion into, and overthrow the Classical Physics of Galileo and Newton; but it is now recognized as its completion and crowning, since it has not only merged the concepts of space and time, but

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united those of mass, energy, inertia, and gravitation. The author, however, remarks cautiously, that there may be still surprises in store in connection with its cosmological implications. Is not this statement borne out by recent astronomical observations? Einstein's work for physics closely resembles what Gauss did for geometry.

The apparent rounding off of the World-view by the Theory of Relativity was upset by the Quantum Theory, which introduced an element in a fundamental equation which the Theory of Relativity cannot explain. Frequency and energy have different dimensions; the one is a local magnitude, the other is an additive quantity. The Classical Physics postulates particles; the Quantum Theory postulates waves. If the quantum of action were indefinitely small, the second theory might be merged in the first. This is not so; and in the development of the Quantum Theory it has been found that the attempt to measure simultaneously both the position and momentum of the unit of action is not possible. In wave mechanics, if the momentum be defined with accuracy, then the determination of the position remains indefinite. This state of things led Heisenberg to the formulation of an Uncertainty Principle, which has raised a fundamental question for the Logic of Science, whether the causal view of the world, hitherto unquestioned in mechanics, can any longer be upheld. After a penetrating examination of the *Tatbestand*, the author maintains that it can; but the meaning of determination in Relativity Physics, and in Quantum Physics, is slightly different. He holds with Kant, in section 5, in which he discusses the meaning of law in physics, that the principle of causality is one of the *a priori*, that is, not inborn or innate, but logical principles of science, and that causal knowledge and experimental knowledge are synonymous.

Physics today recognizes both causal and statistical laws. The latter are, as in other branches of science, approximate, and can be traced back to dynamical or causal sequences. Regarding the Uncertainty Principle or Principle of Indeterminacy, Einstein, Planck, and Bertrand Russell agree that there is nothing in it to show that any physical event is uncaused; on the contrary, if the position and velocity of a particle are not simultaneously measurable, this is because the measuring is a physical process which has a physical effect on what is measured.

While asserting that the Quantum Theory involves a complete break with Classical Physics and Relativity, the distinguished author of it in this treatise does not maintain that it is in all points superior to the latter; logically considered it is less harmonious and complete. Although the Relativity Theory cannot explain the photo-electric effect, on the other hand, the Quantum Theory has failed to explain the phenomena of interference. Planck's philosophical mind, which combines a wide outlook with detailed knowledge, leads him to abstain from a final judgment between these contending views, and to declare that scientists have now learned that the starting point of their investigation does not lie solely in sense perceptions, and that 'science requires some small portion of metaphysics.' It is certainly true that philosophy and physics are now more closely interconnected than at any time for over a hundred years.

J. W. A. HICKSON

ESSENTIALLY IRISH

THE PURITAN, by Liam O'Flaherty (Cape Nelson: pp. 326; 7/6).

CONTEMPORARY books about Ireland and the Irish have much in common with books about Russia. The consciousness of the Revolution, of a sharp break, a fresh start, a new order of society violently and suddenly replacing the old, is an inevitable and unceasing counterpoint to whatever melody is consciously intended. The result is an undeniable freshness of outlook and sharpness of interest that can hardly be paralleled where changes, though perhaps no less great, have been more gradual. Italy might have given us something of the sort, if free comment had not been suppressed in favour of other ends; and Spain should soon display a similar movement. At present, however, Russia and Ireland seem to be sharply set aside by this distinguishing note of novelty. The excitement of the explorer pervades all literature dealing with them.

This is particularly noticeable in Sean O'Casey and Liam O'Flaherty. O'Flaherty's latest book, *The Puritan*, is true to the old commendation of the Irish, that they never have a good word to say for one another; but it has many other excellences. Almost all the characters are a sad lot, but they are extremely real and very much alive. It is not too much to say that they have the genuine gusto of Fielding.

The story begins with the murder—from the highest motives—of a prostitute, by a Dublin journalist who has taken refuge in religious fanaticism from the sense of inferiority forced upon him by his contacts with the outside world. The suspicions of the police, and the attitude of those from whom he had expected understanding of his motives and cooperation in the crusade of righteousness and the spiritual rebirth that he had expected to follow his action, force the murderer into a closer consideration and complete re-valuation of these motives, until he gives himself up to the police at the end. It is almost impossible for anyone to take up such a subject without having the critical world promptly and sagely murmur 'Dostoevsky!' but this book is so essentially and fundamentally Irish that it is pretty doubtful whether the murmur has much point. The book would probably have been pretty much what it is, if Dostoevsky had never existed.

The main interest of the book lies in the rather sympathetic but completely unsentimental unfolding of the spiritual struggle of the murderer; but even the most briefly treated of the incidental characters has a strong and individual reality—particularly those whom Mr. O'Flaherty rather despises. There is indeed only one character of whom he seems to approve—the Chief Superintendent of Police. It is very significant of an important trend of modern Irish feeling, that the highest compliment Mr. O'Flaherty can pay this man, is that he might almost be mistaken for a Frenchman. And indeed of all the models young Ireland might choose, there is perhaps none more feasible or more salutary.

Yet here as in his other books, fastidious as Mr. O'Flaherty's final ideals may be, much if not most of his excellence lies in his detached power of depicting vividly even the most sordid scenes and characters

with a calm humanity that prevents them from being disgusting. The book is no meat for babes, but an excellent meal for adults.

L. A. MacKAY

FROM A TO Z

EVERYMAN'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA, edited by Athelstan Ridgway (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.; 12 volumes; \$1.75 each volume, or \$20.00 for complete set).

WORLD ATLAS. Uniform with Everyman's Encyclopaedia (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.; 224 plates & index pp. 172: \$2.50).

It is quite obvious that the ordinary technique of book reviewing could not be applied to an encyclopaedia. Even the most conscientious reviewer could hardly be persuaded to start at A—BAD and wade through all the pages—in the case of this edition, about nine thousand, three hundred—until he arrived at Zyxomma; and even if he were disposed to undertake such a feat of endurance he would be in no condition, at the conclusion of such a mental marathon, to produce an acceptable record of his arduous journey. The only reasonable procedure to follow is that of the government grain inspector, who dips into each carload of wheat and secures a sample, and from this determines the official grade of the shipment. This method has been followed, and after dipping into all the available volumes, a number of samples have been extracted, and these show a good uniform grade, of high protein content, which should produce a nutritive and easily digested food.

It is about twenty years since *Everyman's Encyclopaedia* was first published, and it was expedient that a new edition should be produced in order to record all the important changes which have taken place in the world during the last two decades; this period having been marked by greater changes than any equal space of time in recorded history. Events such as the Great War, the Russian Revolution, and the creation of the League of Nations, not only have had a profound effect upon the organizational structure of world society, but they have also greatly affected the morals, the beliefs, and the mode of thinking of an entire generation.

In any work of reference, style must necessarily be subservient to accuracy, and no amount of fine writing would atone for a careless and misleading presentation of the necessary facts. But there are occasions when a graceful style can be combined with scientific accuracy, and many sections of this encyclopaedia—where the subject permits—are written with a lightness and grace which is very acceptable. For example, the following quotation is taken from a short essay on Adulteration:—

It may be admitted that the fault is not all on the side of the vendor of the adulterated articles. His excuses are, no doubt, often specious, but the average customer demands an attractive appearance in the goods he buys, which can only be obtained by the addition of injurious matter. Preserved peas naturally lose their bright green colour, which, however, can be renewed by the addition of copper sulphate. Consumers demand bright green peas, therefore they have to accept copper sulphate in addition.

A work of this nature, which is designed for the use of the whole English-speaking world, should have

a broad, cosmopolitan outlook, particularly in dealing with those subjects which wear one aspect in Great Britain, but bear quite a different appearance in Australia or the United States. Any hint of insularity has been avoided by the ingenious use of supplementary articles, as, for instance, in that on Advertisement, where the general article on this topic is supplemented by an essay on 'Advertising in the United States of America'.

Canada receives twenty pages of space, containing 22 sections dealing with everything from Physical Features to Canadian Literature. As in all the main articles, a fairly comprehensive bibliography is appended.

So far as we are aware, there is no other encyclopaedia which besides being comprehensive in scope, is entirely up-to-date, and within the reach of the man with a moderate income.

J. F. WHITE

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SHORT NOTICES

THE MAKERS OF MODERN ITALY, NAPOLEON—MUSSOLINI, by Sir J. A. R. Marriott (Oxford University Press; pp. 228; \$3.25).

Sir John Marriott has here rewritten and extended the sketches of the heroes of the movement for Italian unity which he published over forty years ago, adding an introduction on Napoleon's work in Italy, and an outline of events from 1870 to the present day. The volume is soundly based on the accepted authorities, is clearly written, and, albeit it is somewhat exclusively political and diplomatic, may be useful as an introduction to Italian history over the whole period. The author's earlier enthusiasm for the great adventure in search of freedom and unity for Italy has been somewhat modified by more recent developments. This comes out plainly if we compare his brief account of the Fascist movement with that of another historian of the unity movement. Mr. Bolton King has just issued a violent polemic against Mussolini and all his works. Sir John Marriott, on the other hand, is convinced that by the Fascist revolution Italy 'has been rescued from the edge of the precipice at the foot of which lay a chaotic abyss', fortifying his attitude by an appeal to the history of England at the close of the Wars of the Roses. The comparison is not wholly flattering to the Italy of today.

R. F.

A LETTER TO MADAM BLANCHARD, by E. M. Forster; **A LETTER TO A SISTER**, by Rosamond Lehmann; **A LETTER TO W. B. YEATS**, by L. A. G. Strong (Hogarth Press; Hogarth Letters, 1, 3, 6, 1/- each).

The press directed by Mr. and Mrs. Woolf is as humming with ideas as their books; and this last project—the Hogarth Letters—is among the best. Of the three letters mentioned above, Mr. Strong's, adopting the formula of a letter written by a disciple to his master with at least one eye upon publication, is easily the most important. It should find its place upon the shelf where Pliny and Cicero and Erasmus are resting; its execution is equal to its conception; its analysis of Yeats the man and Yeats the poet is at once keen and kind, and its sense of values in contemporary poetry as clear as the prose in which it is expressed. This is a short notice but I must find place for this one quotation:

It is an irony which you will be first to appreciate that your earlier work is the best known; and that by it the impatient younger generation sometimes judge and find you wanting. They have no wish to wander with Oisín or Aengus; they prefer Montmartre to Ben Bulbin. Mr. Eliot has their admiration, and well he deserves it. If they could only hear him speak of you, as I have heard him under the big tree at Garsington, how quickly they would rush to fill the gap in their knowledge.

All of us would like to have been under that tree; for it would be difficult to name two poets who took such different lessons from the French writers of the late nineteenth century, that is to say, from the most fruitful source of modern poetry. Mr. Forster has chosen quite another sort of letter, 'the letter to the dead'. Whimsically, with a pleasant variety of mood and a rather too elaborate parade of his agility, he writes to a sailor who late in the eighteenth century declined to return from the South Seas and remained in the Pelew Islands for the rest of his days. Like Mrs. Woolf in *Orlando*, Mr. Forster too often is satisfied in the attitude of the little boy whose thumb has just pulled out the plum. Miss Lehmann's turbulent inchoate letter does not invite comment; after three readings I am still unable to say what her letter is really about, although I am persuaded that it is quite passionately about something.

E.K.B.

PARNELL VINDICATED: The Lifting of the Veil, by Captain Henry Harrison (Macmillans, in Canada; pp. 447; \$5.00).

Captain Harrison has carried out a long-deferred promise in writing this book, and one hopes that his soul is at peace. In 1891 he promised that the truth about Parnell would be given to the world. He feels that this has not been achieved by any of the biographies which have subsequently appeared. Therefore he has taken it upon himself, not to write a further full-length study, but to explain Parnell's love affair and to clear up what he regards as the enigma of Parnell's alleged conduct in this episode.

The result is laudable but unimportant. The dust and heat of this particular episode have largely subsided. It has become significant only in relation to Parnell's public career, and on that aspect Captain Harrison has little new to say. His personal connection with Mrs. Parnell's affairs enables him to add certain details

from personal knowledge; but he is chiefly concerned with proving that Mrs. O'Shea was completely separated from her husband when Parnell became her lover. It is not a vital point. A more crucial one would be the question of whether Parnell was black-mailed into granting political favours to Captain O'Shea as a result, but upon this the author does not touch. The result is a book sincere in its purpose, useful in some respects as contemporary evidence, but rambling and badly written in its form and without any major significance in its content. But at least the promise has been kept.

E. M.

THE FALL OF THE KAISER, by Maurice Baumont, translated from the French by E. Ibbetson James (Allen & Unwin; pp. xiv, 256; \$2.25).

M. Baumont's task in sifting a chain of coherent facts out of the mass of legend which surrounds the abdication and flight of the ex-Emperor of Germany must have been exasperating in the extreme. German publishers' lists for the last ten years bristle with the titles of romantic or truculent or labyrinthine memoirs written by war-bitten sea-dogs, superannuated colonels, and Prussian ministers of state. The great bulk of these are untrustworthy in general bias but may contain one or two significant facts, and it is these facts which M. Baumont has dug out and collated and arranged to form a sequence of events which stretches roughly from the last days of October, 1918, to the fatal 9th of November.

In the course of this labour of rectification the author defends some of his characters against persistent charges which have been levelled against them and he does this with obvious impartiality. Thus Prince Max of Baden is cleared of the accusation that he plotted the sovereign's downfall from the rear, and even the Kaiser himself is exculpated for not having chosen to die a useless and theatrical death sword in hand.

As a documentary historian M. Baumont prefers to throw the emphasis on telegrams, bickerings by telephone between Spa and Berlin, and the endless conferences of Social Democrats in the capital and of war lords at G.H.Q. All this tends to throw the real emphasis of the Revolution in the wrong direction. The monarchy fell because the red flag, hoisted at Kiel on November 2, flew over every German city in the west

and south, and because the army had shifted its allegiance from its officers to its soldiers' councils. All the rest may be amusing but is not of the slightest importance.

F. H. W.

UNPUBLISHED EARLY POEMS, by Alfred Tennyson. Edited by Charles Tennyson, his grandson. (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 85; \$3.00).

The *Unpublished Early Poems* forms a companion volume to *The Devil and the Lady*, published in 1930. That surprising comedy, written when Tennyson was fourteen, revealed a precocious, sprightly, and humorous mind that few readers of Tennyson's later verse would expect to find in his juvenile attempt at a play. The chief value of these unpublished early poems is that they confirm the impression given by *The Devil and the Lady*. What blight of discretion stopped the growth of the young radical revealed by 'What Thor said to the Bard before Dinner':—

On squire and parson, broker and banker,
Down let fall thine iron spanker,
Spare not king or duke or critic,
Dealing out cross-buttock and flanker
With thy clanging analytic!

One feels in reading these student verses that the young Tennyson, born into a freer age, might have developed into a poet as notable for strength of thought and vigour of expression as he came to be for the smoothness of his fluent and florid verse. But even in these early college lyrics there are examples of that deftness in handling metre which later brought him recognition as the master-craftsman of the Victorian era. Such are the dainty verses on 'Lisette'. The little book is not of great interest for the general reader but is indispensable for the serious student of Tennyson.

J. F. M.

HARD TIMES—THE WAY IN AND THE WAY OUT, by Richard T. Ely (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 193; \$1.75).

This book might well have been written by a naive but dear old gentleman who had read a book or two on current problems. It is singularly uneven; parts are good, but they are frequently quotations at length from other works; parts are poor, including a long extract from William James on War, written in 1910, and so anachronistic as to claim that the prizes of war are awarded to those who suffer its risks, and that they are adequate.

Mr. Ely would not be surprised, he says, to learn that the losses of people who have invested in real estate in Chicago have exceeded the gains. With no qualification, this is patently ridiculous. His plan of a Peace Time Army, into which unemployed are to be drafted, and distributed irrespective of their wishes to fill vacancies in any firm needing labour, is hardly likely to find acceptance among the workers, unless the whole of capital and industry is rigidly controlled. The control of this army he sees in the hands of people 'entirely divorced from politics' and 'composed of the ablest citizens representing all economic classes, and serving without pay.' Mr. Ely, it appears, is a humourist.

The troubles resulting from deflation are recognized, and Mr. Ely thinks we should re-examine bimetalism; he makes no reference to the possibility of a 'managed' currency. Many people think it outside practical politics, of course, but it is hardly as fantastic as the Peace Time Army.

C. A. A.

THE WORLD COURT 1921-1931, by Manley O. Hudson (World Peace Foundation; pp. xiv, 245; \$2.00).

This is an excellent handbook of the Permanent Court of International Justice, containing as it does a short history of the formation of the Court; summaries of its judgments and advisory opinions; all of the relevant documents; and detailed information on practically every phase of the court and its work. The most interesting sections, naturally, are those which contain the summaries of the 16 Judgments and 20 Advisory Opinions, and probably the most interesting of these—certainly the most controversial—

is the last one given, on the validity of the proposed Customs Régime between Germany and Austria. In this Advisory Opinion the Court by a majority of 8 to 7 concluded that the proposed Régime was invalid, but the closeness of the decision and the nationality of the judges, pro and con, have given rise to a great deal of criticism not only of the decision but of the court itself.

N. McK.

LANCASHIRE AND THE FAR EAST, by Freda Utley (Allen & Unwin; pp. 395; \$4.75).

This is a very careful and complete analysis of conditions in Japan, China, and India, as far as they affect the Lancashire Cotton Trade, and of conditions in that trade. Miss Utley is strongly of the opinion that the supremacy of Lancashire has gone forever, and that failure to realize this is disastrous. Further losses of trade are to be expected in all but the finest lines. It is sad to find that she attributes the appalling state of Lancashire largely to the insatiable greed of the capitalist; even during the boom, labour conditions were disgraceful. Her facts and arguments appear conclusive.

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Present day conditions in the Far East are severely criticized; in spite of Factory Laws which do not read badly, many women work in very bad conditions and under virtual slavery. It may be years before labour conditions in the Far East are brought to the level even of Lancashire, and rationalization there has already left Lancashire far behind; there seems to be no single ray of hope shining on the English Cotton Trade.

C. A. A.

THE LIFE OF ZAMENHOF, Inventor of Esperanto, by Edmond Privat, translated from the original Esperanto by Ralph Elliott (Allen & Unwin; pp. 123; \$1.25).

The humble little oculist of Warsaw who founded the most successful of the international languages is here depicted rather as a human being than as a philologist. M. Privat has penned the biography—or should I say hagiography—of Zamenhof, the dreamer and poet. He was both to a quite unusual degree. Many of his earliest experiments in the new language, when Esperanto was still in the formative stage, were in verse, and his dream was the dream of something beyond nationalism. Esperanto was to be a means towards the fulfilment of that dream.

The book has no pretensions to completeness, otherwise one would be inclined to regret the inadequate treatment of the Great Schism—the fateful break-away of the Ido heresy under Professor Jespersen. In every other respect it is a very readable and even an absorbing little volume.

F. H. W.

TROTT AND HIS LITTLE SISTER, by André Lichtenberger, translated from the French by Blanche and Irma Weill (Viking Press—Irwin & Gordon; pp. 245; \$2.50).

A story published in France about 1900, and now translated into English. Trott and Lucette are real children, and the book is as charming a study of childhood as you could hope to read. Parent-education groups will find that they are not the first to discover certain facts about infants, though from time to time they will understand Trott better than did André Lichtenberger.

M.A.F.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN

CANADA, by Alexander Brady (Macmillans in Canada; pp. vii, 374; \$4.00).

THE STORY OF LAURA SECORD, by W. S. Wallace (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 26; \$.50).

CAFETERIA CONVERSATIONS, by Hugh Heaton (McLean & Smithers; pp. 62).

GENERAL

EVERYMAN'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA (J. M. Dent; 12 Volumes; \$1.75 each volume or \$20.00 complete set).

APOCALYPSE, by D. H. Lawrence (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxxii, 200; \$3.25).

THE GOLDEN YEARS, by Philip Gibbs (Doubleday, Doran; pp. 345; \$2.50).

THE PURITAN, by Liam O'Flaherty (Cape-Nelson; pp. 326; 7/6).

INNER LIGHT, A Devotional Anthology (Allen & Unwin; pp. 374; \$1.00).

PLATO AND HIS DIALOGUES, by G. Lowes Dickinson (Allen & Unwin; pp. 228; \$1.75).

THE CROSS MOVES EAST, by John S. Hoyland (Allen & Unwin; pp. 160; \$1.30).

THE RELIGION OF MASONRY, by Joseph Fort Newton (Allen & Unwin; pp. 160; \$1.30).

SCEPTICISM AND CONSTRUCTION, by Charles A. Campbell (Allen & Unwin; pp. xxiv, 322; \$3.75).

MEN, MYTHS, AND MOVEMENTS IN GERMAN LITERATURE, by William Rose (Allen & Unwin; pp. 286; \$3.25).

BOLSHEVISM IN PERSPECTIVE, by J. de V. Loder (Allen & Unwin; pp. 256; \$3.75).

LETTERS FROM LORD SYDENHAM TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL, Edited by Paul Knaplund (Allen & Unwin; pp. 185; \$2.25).

THE CHILD, by Rabindranath Tagore (Allen & Unwin; pp. 21; \$.75).

PROMETHEUS BOUND, Translated by Gilbert Murray (Allen & Unwin; pp. 80; \$.60).

THE CARD GUIDES. ITALIAN CITIES, Compiled by A. S. Botkin (Elkin, Mathews; 3/6).

FOR THE TRAIN, by Lewis Carroll (Denis Archer; pp. xix, 76; 5/-).

THE VALUE OF MONEY, by Tjardus Greidanus (P. S. King; pp. vii, 364; 15/-).

STUDIES IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BACKGROUND OF HUME'S EMPIRICISM, by Mary Shaw Kuypers (Minnesota Press; pp. viii, 140; \$1.50).

A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN, by Virginia Woolf (McClelland & Stewart; pp. 198; \$2.00).

THE LIFE OF THE BUTTERFLY, by Friedrich Schnack (Allen & Unwin—Thomas Nelson; pp. 278; \$2.25).

DOES HISTORY REPEAT ITSELF? by R. F. McWilliams (J. M. Dent; pp. 88; \$.75).

SARAH BERNHARDT, by Reynaldo Hahn (Elkin, Mathews & Marrot; pp. xiv, 114; 5/-).

OVER THE BORDER, by Victor Keen (Elkin, Mathews & Marrot; pp. 252; 7/6).

CAMBODIAN QUEST, by Robert J. Casey (Elkin, Mathews & Marrot; pp. vi, 298; 7/6).

IMPERIAL MAJESTY, by Alexei Tolstoy (Elkin, Mathews & Marrot; pp. 444; 8/6).

ROADS TO KNOWLEDGE, Edited by William A. Neilson (W. W. Norton; pp. vi, 349; \$3.75).

YEARS OF TUMULT, by James H. Powers (W. W. Norton; pp. ix, 345; \$3.00).

O PROVIDENCE, by John Hampson (Hogarth Press; pp. 394; 7/6).

THE MEMORIAL, by Christopher Isherwood (Hogarth Press; pp. 294; 7/6).

DAY TO DAY PAMPHLETS, No. 7, Russian Notes, by C. M. Lloyd (Hogarth Press; pp. 40; 1/6).

PUBLIC SCHOOLS, by L. B. Pekin (Hogarth Press; pp. v, 224; 7/6).

Will subscribers kindly notify us of any change of address.

THE MUGWUMPS AND THE LABOUR PARTY, by G. T. Garratt (Hogarth Press; pp. 160; 5/-).

ENGLAND TODAY, by F. Cyril James (P. S. King; pp. 238; 6/-).

WHAT WOULD BE THE CHARACTER OF A NEW WAR? (P. S. King; pp. xviii, 411; 16/-).

DAY TO DAY PAMPHLETS, No. 9, THE CRISIS AND THE CONSTITUTION, by Harold Laski (Hogarth Press; pp. 64; 1/6).

THE DEFEAT OF BAUDELAIRE, by Rene Laforgue (Hogarth Press; pp. xvi, 191; 10/6).



CRITICISM AND THE SEVEN

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM:
Sir:

Writing in the January issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM on The Group of Seven, and after having presented my interpretation of the relation of the work of each of its members today, to what it was some ten or twelve years ago, in the light of a pure Canadian inspiration, I concluded with this statement: 'The Group of Seven perhaps has died with this December exhibition. It has died in the sense that each of the leaders who were its members has gone on by himself, that the paths of the Seven have parted, perhaps never to cross again, but their very motive for coming into existence as a group, has grown so far and so wide that Canadian art has emerged from this initial Canadian art movement. Instead of Seven there are now fifteen, perhaps thirty or more alive creative artists throughout the country and these are because of Harris, and Lismer, and MacDonald, and Jackson; because of Thomson too.'

How my article, which was purely interpretative, and not critical, and breathed, with every word, my faith in Canadian art, and my understanding of the work of its leaders, could have brought forth the polemic-like article which Mr. Housser contributed to the February issue of this magazine is beyond my comprehension. The literalness of what Mr. Housser considers his answer to my note on The Group of Seven, and the spirit which animates every phrase of my article speak each for itself and need no further emphasis than this.

I feel that this letter should accompany the comment I am sending you for this current issue, so that your readers may be given a fair chance to

hear my aggrieved protest before Mr. Housser's unfortunate gesture.

Yours, etc.,

JEHANNE BIETRY SALINGER

EFFICIENCY AND UNEMPLOYMENT

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM:
Sir:

Your lengthy criticism of my article on 'Efficiency and Unemployment' has not prompted me to change my belief in the futility of reducing the length of the working-day as a means—the only one sufficiently broad to effect any kind of permanent cure—for dealing satisfactorily with technological unemployment. As a temporary measure, decreasing the length of the working-day is desirable; but as a permanent policy for coping with this or any other type of unemployment it gives practically no promise.

It will be impossible to reply at length to the various accusations and arguments contained in your article—but not because of a disinclination on my part. I shall not be greatly

handicapped, however, since most of the points require very little refutation.

1. The readers will have to judge whether or not I misinterpreted a number of your statements very seriously in my 'short snappy phrase'. It is most unjust to accuse me of attempting to condense a rather long paragraph into such a phrase. With most of the paragraph I was in agreement. On one point alone did I disagree.

2. After having stated that the standard of living steadily rose for a hundred years or so before the War, you display courageous inconsistency in affirming near the end of your article that 'wages in industry tend to the subsistence level anyway'. I would like to know how the majority of the people living a hundred years ago were able to keep alive. Have I at last found a modern believer in the Subsistence Theory of Wages?

3. In one paragraph you mention Stuart Chase's estimate that in the decade between 1919 and 1929 more than two million workers in various occupations lost their jobs, *permanently*. (My italics.) In the next paragraph you state that not all of the two million men remained permanently unemployed. Then you go 'merrily on' and take a crack at certain occupations.

The growth in the volume of technological unemployment during, say, the period from 1923 to 1928, does not prove that such unemployment is permanent in nature. During these years the rate of technological change undoubtedly increased, and one would naturally expect under these circumstances that the number of those who were temporarily out of work because of such changes would increase.

Your diatribe against bootleggers, house-to-house canvassers, and others

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is interesting, but beside the point. I was not concerned with the type of jobs the displaced workers obtained. This question is important, to be sure; but it was outside the scope of my article. I was simply arguing that openings would ultimately become available for those who had lost their jobs because of technological changes.

4. I am almost compelled to believe that you are of the opinion that one must experience the dire poverty of the Kentucky coal miners, or of the Southern Saskatchewan farmers, to be able to discuss intelligently questions relating to technological unemployment and the standard of living. Your characterization of my habitat is amusing. Even if I did live in an Academic Utopia, I see no reason why that should prevent me from dealing logically with such problems as those just mentioned. I would also like to say that I think my economics will stand the post-war test.

5. My argument concerning the possibility of a lower standard of living, if there is not a corresponding increase in production with the reduction in hours of work, is so obvious as to make any attempt to refute it seem exceedingly rash.

Yours, etc.,
C. E. DANKERT.

[J. F. W. writes:—

It is obviously in the interest of the owner of industrial capital that any saving in the cost of production, due to an advance in technology, shall accrue to the shareholders rather than to the workers in that industry. When the engineers discover how to cut in half the necessary labour time required in any operation, the manager immediately reduces the number of employees by fifty per cent. In nearly every case the bulk of the saving goes to increased dividends. 'If competition is sufficiently keen', this saving might be reflected in lower prices, but in these days of monopolist production, competition is very seldom 'sufficiently keen'.

When Mr. Dankert talks about the possibility of a lowered standard of living for the worker if production does not increase with a reduction of hours of work, his argument is standing on its head. Surely it is clear that the simple meaning of technological unemployment is that the average production of the worker has risen so much that there is no longer sufficient work in that particular industry for all the workers who were formerly employed.]



GOETHE'S FAUST

THE adaptation of Goethe's *Faust*, done at Hart House Theatre with the cooperation of the German Department of the University, is probably the most lugubrious play ever seen even there—if indeed it may truly be called a play, rather than a narrative in dialogue. It is to be hoped that none of the other departments follow this lead, or we shall be faced with dramatic versions of *Paradise Lost*, and *Plato's Dialogues*. As the historian said, 'One congratulates their innocence, rather than envies their judgment'. The almost complete omission of the Second Part, and the abbreviation of the First Part, remove practically all that gives the poem its greatest value and distinction, without supplying any stop-gaps, and emphasize the truth of Stendhal's comment about all this fuss and feathers with the Devil and the Almighty, to achieve an object that he could have attained by himself in half an hour. The balance of the whole grandiose conception is utterly destroyed if the prologue serves merely to introduce a bewildered young man's rather helpless and passive seduction of one unfortunate innocent, and his even more passive murder of her mother and brother, omitting all the wide sweep and general interest of the subsequent adventures.

The plain fact is that Goethe's *Faust* is a philosophic epic in the form of dialogue: it is not a stage play and never was, even in parts. It is much too slow-moving and episodic; most of the episodes have relevance only in a much broader sweep than any stage allows, and demand the rapidity of reading rather than the slow pace of pronunciation. Nothing displays this more clearly than the brilliant success of *Peer Gynt* at Hart House last year, a superficially analogous play, but with this essential difference, that it is truly theatrical.

In *Faust*, Hart House ruined itself by reverence. It is doubtful whether even an approximately successful dramatic version could be given except by the movies; but a closer study of the significance of *Peer Gynt* could

have made a vast improvement. It would have been necessary to cut ruthlessly, perhaps to re-arrange. Hart House did some of this, but lacked the courage, and apparently the clarity of plan, that would have been necessary to impose a dramatic, or more accurately a spectacular form, after the manner of Noel Coward's *Cavalcade*. This gingerly fumbling with the nettle, brought as always its appropriate damnation.

Especially in the First Part, *Faust* is a good enough hero for a reflective epic, perhaps for an opera, but hardly for a play. His importance lies not in action but in observation, and his observation needs more varied objects. In action, in the Gretchen episode, he appears aimlessly passive and futile, if not even feebly mawkish. Aeneas in the Dido story is a fine robust red-blooded romantic swash-buckler by contrast.

The play was exorbitantly long, even with the ill-advised omission of the *Walpurgisnacht* in the latter half of the week; and seemed even longer by the slowness of its motion, and the long intermissions, eased as these were by Mr. Mazzolini's excellent music. It would have been much more to the point to cut out the dismal beer-cellar scene, an episode no more essential and much less spectacular. This little knot of depressed wet-feathered toppers huddling cheerlessly together in the sad gloom, in one corner of the bare echoing loneliness of a lofty hall painted a chilly green, was a grimly successful prohibition tract, in spite of the astonishing waverings between intoxication and sobriety. Its sordid horror made the vice of drunkenness ten thousand times more repulsive than ten thousand Nights in a Bar-room. The scene had the further disadvantage of adding another dark block to the almost solid obscurity that brooded from the first scene to a brief relief in Marthe's garden, soon to darken again into the straining murk over-shrouding the whole production. Granted that given those particular episodes, the producer had little choice; the point is that episodes might have been chosen that would have produced a

better balance, and given him and the audience a chance to come up for air occasionally out of the darkness of the nether pit.

Reverence ruined them, a timorous reverence, and the lack of a decisive, imaginative, and organized clarity of intention. Goethe's own dialogue, though fluent and easy in the style of the novel, is rarely dramatic: but when he is translated, he is translated indeed, and appears like Bottom with ass's ears not his own. Several translations were drawn upon, but none of them possessed adequate bite and vigour; the best lines were apparently the actors'. Indeed, it was distinctly a soldiers' battle, and the not inconsiderable successes attained were triumphs of sheer good acting. Mr. Finch and Mr. Wagner did all in their power to lend vitality to the lines by variety of speed and intonation; if the sense of the words did not always reach the back of the auditorium, their purport did, which was frequently sheer gain. Mr. Finch's transformation of body and voice from the weary disillusioned scholar to the eager youth displayed an admirable surety of touch. It takes extraordinarily fine acting to prevent the part of Gretchen in the early scenes from being colourless and insipid. Miss Wodson's acting was extraordinarily fine.

The costumes were beautifully done; harmonious in themselves and well adapted to the roles they expressed. The stage settings on the whole were rather unsatisfactory, an unresolved medley of restless and clashing rhythms. Except in the barren beer-parlor, they tended to be a bit fussy, lumpy, and crowded, with bulky, complicated pyramids of steps and stairs, or hulking, aimless pylons. The forms were noticeably repetitious and the transparency of the mirror-scene not very happily arranged. The ponderous gloom of the lighting further increased the sense of stuffiness.

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There was a bit of fascinating, if rather distracting, foolery with patterns of coloured light in the last scene, that had an interest of its own. It was the only thing in the play that moved too fast.

The venture is hardly one of Mr. Stone's best presentations. The lax uncertainty that underlay the text pervaded more or less the whole production, involving an uneasy mixture of realism and artifice. A more stylized and rapid formalism would have lessened the strain and given a much needed unity.

L. A. M.

A VIGOROUS PLAY

THE ANATOMIST AND OTHER PLAYS, by James Bridie (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 183; \$2.50).

JAMES BRIDIE, a Glasgow surgeon, first came into prominence as a playwright with *The Switchback*. The title play of this volume recently

scored a deserved success on the London stage, though in some ways inferior to the second play, *Tobias and the Angel*.

The Anatomist centres around the figure of Dr. Knox, the extraordinary and forceful Edinburgh surgeon of the early nineteenth century, adored by his students, and detested and attacked by the mob for his connection with the murderers, Burke and Hare. The play when read has an effect of violence and compression that must make it an extremely vigorous stage vehicle, for the characters are strongly drawn and the handling of dialogue and situation is competent and decisive. An extremely good thriller, and a great deal more.

Mr. Bridie is obviously familiar with the best of modern drama, and has sufficient force in himself to draw on it without fear. *Tobias and the Angel* suggests Synge all over, particularly the *Playboy*, and sustains the comparison triumphantly though a much slighter work. It is splendid sport, and mighty shrewd as well. The dialogue is not mannered, but has an easy, spontaneous and colloquial intimacy, and the story is handled with first-rate humour. It must be glorious fun on the stage.

The third play, *The Amazed Evangelist*, is a one-act thriller poking somewhat shivery fun at the modern idea of purely materialistic education. It shows competent stage-technique, but is on the whole rather a falling-off. The author should have offered a prize for anyone that can guess the point of the last scene. I'd offer one myself if I knew the answer.

L. A. M.



“One would imagine that books were, like women, the worse for being old”

• • •

So wrote William Hazlitt almost a century ago. He might have been writing of Everyman's Library, although it was not even thought of at that time. Yet a century from now William Hazlitt, and many other great names, will continue to live in the minds of men through the medium of Everyman's Library.

Hazlitt goes on to say one would imagine that “books have a pleasure in being read for the first time; that they open their leaves more cordially; that the spirit of enjoyment wears out with the spirit of novelty; and that, after a certain age, it is high time to put them on the shelf. This conceit seems to be followed up in practice. What is it to me that another

—that hundreds or thousands have in all ages read a work? Is it on this account the less likely to give me pleasure, because it has delighted so many others?”

We should like to say more bluntly what Hazlitt suggests by subtle inference, and which so aptly describes the volumes in Everyman's Library. Surely if a book has given great pleasure to thousands of people, has stood the test of time, that most trying test of all for literature, it has greater potentialities for giving us pleasure than something fresh from the press, written by a young and unknown author in the first flush of enthusiasm.

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